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Photograph *Lallie Charles*

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IXION'S WHEEL. By V. Basevi. (Century Press; 6s. net.)
A CHRISTMAS CAROL. Illustrated by Ethel Everett. ("Daily Chronicle": 5s. net.)
THE REAL FRANCE. By L. Jerrold. (Lane: 5s. net.)
THE COMMONSENSE COLLECTOR. By E. F. Moore. (Hodder and Stoughton: 10s. 6d. net.)
OCTOBER VAGABONDS. By R. le Gallienne. (Lane: 5s. net.)
HOUSE OF TORMENT. By C. R. Gull. (Greening: 6s.)
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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

1911

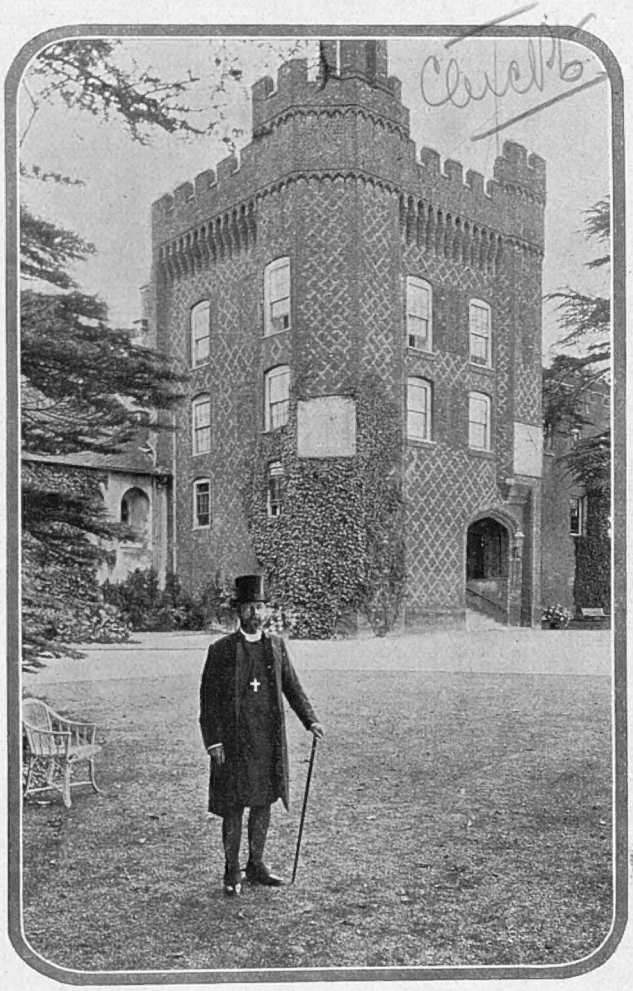
IN case their various acquaintances and the newspapers should have insufficiently impressed upon the public the fact that a New Year has now commenced, may I take the opportunity of mentioning the matter here, and of tendering those good wishes for the same that my readers will expect from me?

Secret of New Year's Popularity

The New Year is gaining real popularity in England chiefly because its arrival is proof positive of the departure of Christmas. Relieved of the obligation to be merry, we become automatically happy. Thus our reception of the greeting "Happy New Year" is as cordial as that of "Merry Christmas" was the reverse. And so we go on.

Political Prospects

There is, also, the satisfaction of leaving a year which has been one of the most depressing in memory to enter one which, at all events, promises well. We are reasonably confident in the happy passing off of the Coronation. Further General Elections seem at the moment unlikely. That Parliament will be exciting, or even interesting, I strongly disbelieve. The Veto Bill will pass both Houses, after a concession to save the face of the Lords. If anybody doubts me, let him look up Lord Lansdowne's speech of November 16, in which the leader made it clear that he was prepared to accept the principle of the Bill, given certain safeguards. These he will get, and we shall hear no more of the House of Lords until—the next time. The real business will begin with Home Rule, that is to say in 1912.



Resigning a Bishopric for a Deanery

Dr. Ryle (at Farnham Castle), who resigned the Bishopric of Winchester to become Dean of Westminster. The latter post, though of minor rank, is one of enormous importance in the Coronation Year

Early Dog Days

There will, I am afraid, be a long and dreary time before London really wakes up. February to April is, as a rule, the dullest time of the year, probably owing to the fact that the "best families" usually select those treacherous months for making excursions on the Continent and to still more distant lands. Not so many years ago the great exodus to foreign lands and the Riviera in particular, set in about the end of October, and early in the New Year the return journey began. Nowadays this is all changed. Nearly everyone remains at home until February, and then flight is taken to sunnier and warmer shores, leaving London to the tender mercies of the seven millions or so who remain there. Every year the season begins later, and it will soon be the case that nothing of social importance will happen until Whitsuntide. This must necessarily shorten the London summer season, as all things socially come to an end with July.

Forthcoming Frolics

The great crowning ceremony in June brings a number of stately functions in its train—take note, for instance, of the Royal procession through London, with its ceremonies. Then there is certain to be a magnificent function at the India Office, which, if it only equals that of 1902, will be counted as one of the greatest events of the year. We may also count upon a gala at the opera, a spectacle always to be eagerly anticipated. There will doubtless be numerous gatherings given by the various Ministers, and some of the Ambassadors in London will give great entertainments. Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid may be counted upon to entertain in their usual princely fashion at Dorchester House. Then I may add that the new Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Devonshire, is expected to give a ball at Devonshire House, and her mother, Lady Lansdowne, is to throw open Lansdowne House and give a magnificent reception. We may expect a great ball, too, at Stafford

House, as Lady Rosemary Leveson Gower is to make her début in the world of fashion.

Coronation Dances

The Duchess of Portland will certainly give one of her exclusive dances at the family mansion in Grosvenor Square, and we may reckon on a great Royal ball at Apsley House, and, all being well,

Photograph *Bassano*

The Hon. Guy Wilson, M.P., D.S.O.

Second son of the late Lord Nunburnholme, engaged to Miss Amy Buxton (see below)

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

Miss Amy Buxton

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Buxton, of Dunston Hall, Norwich, engaged to the Hon. Guy Wilson, M.P., D.S.O. (see above)

Lady Londesborough will give some of the brilliant entertainments that have made St. Dunstan's Lodge so famous. The Duchess of Marlborough will, I hear, give a ball, and there are rumours of a great fancy dress affair, but I must not say more about this under terrible pains and penalties. The minor hostesses will all shine forth, and again, all being well, we shall see what we shall see.

Next Please

At the inquiry into the Hounds-ditch burglary it was given in evidence that "Yourka," the name of one of the suspected persons, was the Russian form of "George." A correspondent writes to ask me what is the Russian form of "Lloyd."

Sheep and Goats

Heartiest condolences with the members of the Radical party who have not received their Peerages this New Year. I fear that when they do get them they will be "Veto," as distinct from ordinary peerages, and more than one worthy aspirant of my acquaintance is positively furious at the prospect of being bundled into the Upper House with the Tadpoles and Tapers for the express purpose of voting that he, in his lordly capacity, shall have no legislative powers. Unless the Government discover some subtle means of distinguishing the noble sheep from the noble goat there will be trouble in the farmyard.

The Popular Honours

As to honours conferred, these are not uninteresting. From the popular standpoint, "Joe" Lyons will be regarded as the most deserving. He has done much for the cause of catering, and if one chafes at his ubiquity, one is consoled at his cheapness and cleanliness. Everybody will be delighted that Mr. Henry Wood has received his reward for having prepared the public to appreciate those masterpieces of music which he now repeats for us at each successive concert. As to Dr. Jameson, "Sir Leander" doesn't quite compensate for "Dr. Jim!"

Opera Hopeless

I rejoice that Mr. Thos. Beecham has had the courage to tell the truth about opera in English, *i.e.*, that London doesn't want it, and won't go to see it when it gets it. This should put a stop once for all to the cant about a National Opera, and should save the British taxpayer a lot of good honest gold. There is a handful of people in London who, if seats are sent to them, are quite willing to patronise performances and, afterwards, mercilessly to damn them. There is also a large number of foreigners willing to pay half a crown to see them from the gallery. But Mr. Beecham is quite wise to refuse any longer to cast the proceeds of pills before — deadheads.

What Next?

Judas, the new play by M. Coudurier (London correspondent of the *Figaro*), has, I see, been a great success in New York. I learn that our Censor has already a draft of the play before him, and that he has in his mind the culminating scene of the drama as it should

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

Miss Millicent James

Elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William James, of West Dean Park, Chichester, marrying Mr. Henry R. M. Howard, 4th Batt. Rifle Brigade, eldest son of Mr. R. Mowbray Howard, of Hampton Lodge, Surrey

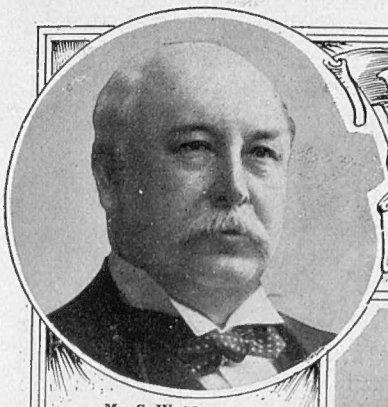
be played in London, in which the hero (to be known simply as "A Commission Agent") hangs himself without either rope or gallows.

Coronation Chairs

There was quite a rush by peeresses and others after the last Coronation to purchase the chairs—beech, with cane seats, and branded with the crown, the date, and the word "Coronation" — on which they sat in the Abbey. This year the chairs are to be rather more elaborate — of polished wood and upholstered in satin—so the Office of Works, which paid expenses by the sale thereof last time, is expecting this year to turn quite a little profit on their disposal. At the last Coronation, too, every single person taking official

Honours Divided

SOMETHING TO ENCOURAGE ALL CLASSES IN 1911



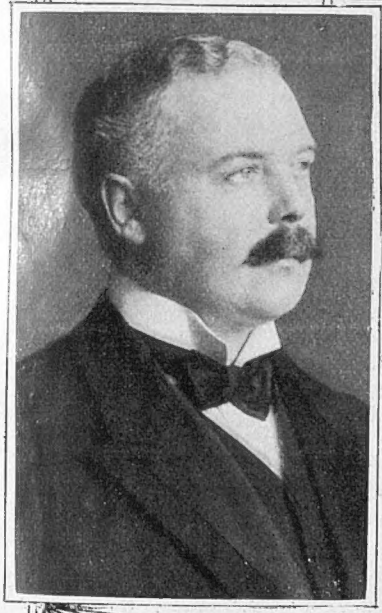
Mr. C. W. Macara
Baronet

Rt. Hon. Dr. Jameson
Baronet

Mr. Henry J. Wood
Knight

Mr. Joseph Lyons
Knight

Mr. Wm. Abraham, M.P.
Privy Councillor



The Master of Elibank, M.P.
Privy Councillor

Captain J. W. Nott-Bower (Police)
Knight

The feature of the New Year Honours List is its miscellaneous character. Men prominent as politicians, tradesmen, artists, soldiers, and departmental officials have all been rewarded. It ought to do a great deal towards cheering up drooping spirits. There is still Hope For All. Provided that at all costs you secure prominence, you stand a chance in the future. Most popular with the crowd will be the knighthoods conferred on Mr. Joseph Lyons and Mr. Henry J. Wood, caterers respectively at popular prices for the body as well as for the soul

Photographs: Mr. C. W. Macara, Lafayette, Manchester; Rt. Hon. Dr. Jameson, Mr. Wm. Abraham, M.P., and Captain J. W. Nott-Bower, Elliott and Fry; Mr. Joseph Lyons, Dover Street Studios; The Master of Elibank, Russell and Sons

part in the ceremonies received a memento of the occasion, a photograph of either the King or the Queen framed in polished oak, surmounted by the Crown, and autographed by one or other of Their Majesties, being the most usual gift.

For the Household

It is, by the way, a charming likeness of King Edward, that which Queen Alexandra has lately given to every member of her household as a memento of His Majesty. Queen Alexandra has herself written "Edward VII." in her peculiar, distinctive hand on every photograph, and all are heavily framed in tortoise-shell with a thick plain silver rim.

Louise Duchess of Devonshire, leaving the Hermitage, Nice, for an Automobile Excursion to Monte Carlo

The Week's Festivities

Hunt and country balls are the order of the day throughout the land, and there are at least half a dozen this week, while private dances are also being given by, among others, Mrs. Grace at Battle Abbey, to which all Sussex is flocking, Lady Brassey at Normanhurst, Lady de Ramsey at Haverland, and Lady Craven at Coombe Abbey, which her dollars have so wonderfully restored to its former magnificence.

Next Week's

Next week's gaieties include a further sprinkling of county gatherings, with a big coming-of-age ball at Loudoun in honour of Mr. Reggie Rawdon-Hastings, Lord Loudoun's nephew and heir. In Town, with the exception of juvenile parties for pantomimes and similar joys, social life has come altogether to a standstill, and bids fair to remain so until Parliament once more assembles. Last week's cold snap gave an impetus to the rush for the South of France and Switzerland, which always sets in about now, and the departure platform for the Continent at Charing Cross is just now one of the brightest spots in London.

A Hardy Annual

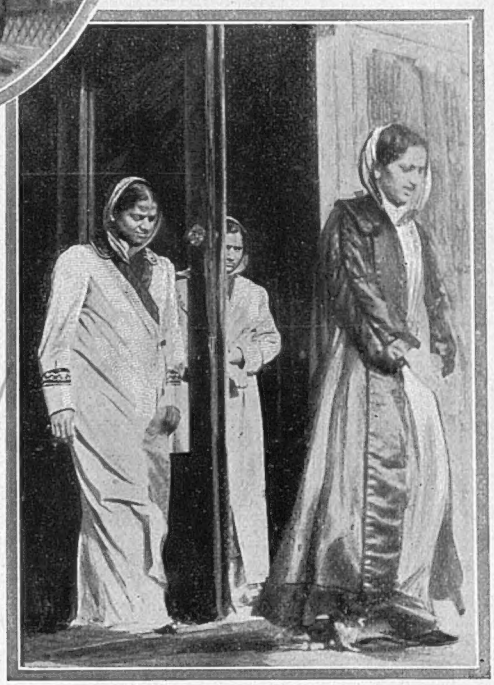
That hardiest of the Liberal annuals—the report of the impending resignation of Lord Aberdeen—is once again, I see, in full bloom, and the usual grumbles are to be heard as to there being no season in Dublin owing to the English Court mourning. As there was no season last year, or the year before, or the year before that either, I cannot myself see anything remarkable in its absence this year, and though hope, of course, springs eternal in the human breast, one would really have thought that everyone would have learned by now that hospitality is not lavish at the Castle during the Aberdeen régime.

On the Riviera

Perfect weather conditions prevail on the Riviera, whither, with Mr. Lloyd George for leader, Parliamentarians and would-be Parliamentarians have been simply flocking ever since the Election came to an end. I hear that the German element at Nice and Monte Carlo is more than ever in evidence, cheap trains galore being run from Berlin, but that plenty of English are down there all the same, though the actual Riviera season does not begin until the end of the month.

At Monte—

Many English people spent Christmas at "Monte." It is such a good place in which to forget—that it is Christmas! Lord and Lady Sackville are at the Chateau Malet with their pretty daughter, the Duke of Leeds has been passing through, the Duke of Westminster is shortly expected there on his way from South Africa, Prince and Princess Duleep Singh are *habitués* of the Casino, and Lord and Lady Downshire are in the Principality for the winter, also the Dowager Ladies Tenterden and Cowley, while a contingent of the Harmsworth brotherhood is filling up the Hermitage.



SNAPSHOTS ON THE RIVIERA: The Maharanee Holkar of India, leaving the Hermitage, Nice, for a drive

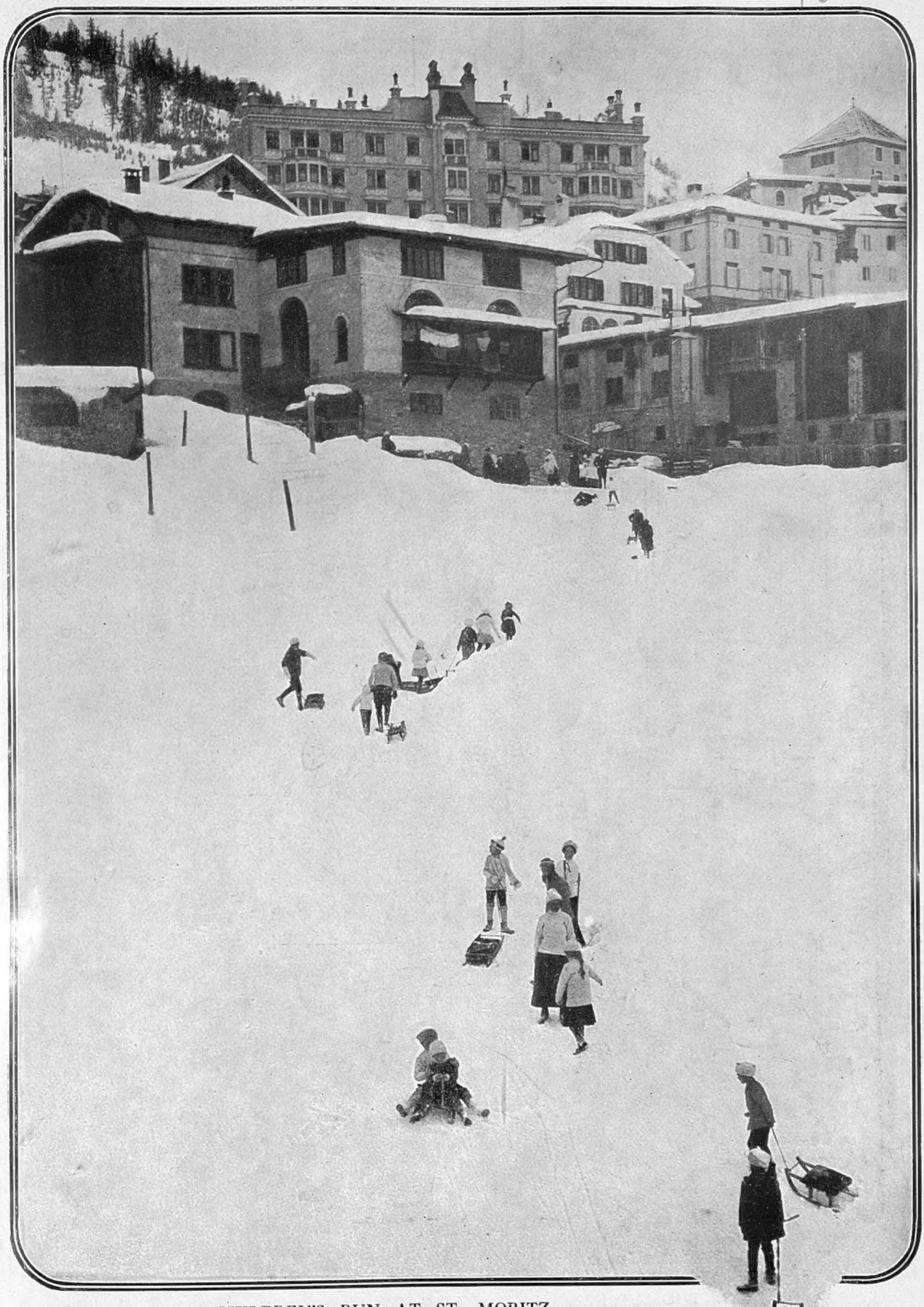
—And Elsewhere

At Nice, Louise, Duchess of Devonshire, has taken, up her winter quarters, and not far away Princess Pless is installed in Lady Nunburnholme's villa, "La Pastourelle," for the winter, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are with their daughter at Mentone, where the Baroness de Forest has just arrived, and other early arrivals in the South are Lord and Lady Brougham, Lord and Lady Mar, and Mrs. Arthur Wilson and her daughter, who are at Beaulieu.

Our Supplement

With this week's issue a coloured plate, entitled "A Japanese Nocturne," by T. Noyes Lewis, is presented to our readers.

The Social Flight Snow-wards



THE CHILDREN'S RUN AT ST. MORITZ

With the New year, increasing numbers of English people take themselves annually to Switzerland. The above photograph shows the slope exclusively reserved at the capital of winter sport, for the lugeing of the youngsters. Papas and Mammas are ruthlessly abandoned and expected to amuse themselves as best they can

Mr. Thomas Beecham

WHOSE EFFECT ON THE ENGLISH OPERATIC SYSTEM HAS BEEN SO BENEFICIAL

MR. THOMAS BEECHAM: DRAWN BY HAROLD H. SMITH

The famous conductor, composer, and musical impresario is only thirty-one years of age. He was educated at Rossall and Wadham, Oxford. He married a charming American girl, and has two sons. He has imparted new life into the world of opera in London. To him we are indebted for seeing a number of previously unknown operas by composers British and foreign, including, of course, "Electra" and "Salome" the success of which has done something to compensate for losses on the season generally

PANTOMIME HUMOUR

BY "JINGLE"

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT DRURY LANE

Photographs Foulsham and Banfield

The two above photographs, illustrating "humours" of this year's Drury Lane Pantomime (courtesy title "Jack and the Beanstalk") explain themselves. If the reader wants further enlightenment he must read "Jingle's" remarks—or he can go to the Lane. The milkmaid of the first picture is Mr. George Graves, the cow Mr. Arthur Conquest, while the names of the comedians in the second are Messrs. Ernest Langford and William Downes. What they have to do with "Jack and the Beanstalk" we don't pretend to know.

THE tradition of pantomime is a weird and wonderful thing. While the drama is endeavouring with more or less success to keep pace with the march—or, rather, the gallop—of modern progress (in this so-called twentieth century!) pantomime remains, as it were, chained, Prometheus-like, to the rock of tradition. It is true that Prometheus's offence was that of stealing fire from heaven (one would have thought that a greater supply was available elsewhere) while pantomime-makers steal only dead embers; but even they ought to be able to find a Hercules among them to rescue them from their narrow prison. Pantomimes to-day seem to be made, like Christmas puddings, from recipes treasured by our grandmothers. The stock jokes remain as if they were a kind of absolute truth, universal and eternal—like the *semper, omnibus, ubique* of the Church itself. The ingredients for creating laughter are laid down by the canon, and apparently no manager may prudently ignore them, in spite of the fact that they have long since fallen behind the improvement in public education and popular taste. There is a well-established rule in nature that nothing stands still. Things must either go forward or go back; and no one can accuse pantomimes of being forward. They have steadily retrograded year by year, till now they are merely an orgie of music-hall buffoonery and obsolete humour.

I HAVE seen only one or two pantomimes so far, but these have all impressed me as unduly exaggerating the importance of the commonplace. They tell the old stories in the same old mechanical way, just as the everlasting *Om mane padme um!* is ground out by the pious Buddhist's praying-wheel. *Item:* A comic gentleman with a red nose; *item*: another gentleman in feminine attire; *item*: a third gentleman disguised as a cow or an ass. If there is anything humorous in these phenomena, it is the fact that they ceased to be humorous long ago. We have had all the fun out of them that they are good for; and now their appearance on the stage merely provokes a sentiment of compassion such as moved the poet when he contemplated the last brown leaf left on the tree amid the green buds of spring. It was said of us years ago that we are in the habit of taking our pleasures sadly; and some of the pantomime humour of the

present season amply justifies this criticism. After all, it should be possible for sane beings to find hilarious amusement in public without having to descend to the jocosities of the tap-room. In the days of our three-bottle ancestry a red nose may have had a fund of humour of its own, but the secret of its bewildering mirthfulness has escaped our generation. And when a comedian relies upon the redness of his nose to give a convincing colour to all his inanities, he suffers under the disadvantage of speaking a dead language.

Photographs *Foulsham and Banfield*

Alexis the Page (Mr. Barry Lupino) and Marjory the Maid (Miss Maudie Thornton) at Drury Lane

"It is one of the hide-bound traditions of pantomime that the comic female should be played by a man"

Mr. George Graves as Mrs. Halleybut, with Miss Dolly Castles as Jack, in the Drury Lane Pantomime

THE spectacle of a riotous comedian dressed in woman's clothes may impress us as droll for a moment or two, though it is not a spectacle that we are in a hurry to boast of having laughed at. It is a jest more for the smoking-room than the theatre. But it is one of the hide-bound traditions of pantomime that the comic female should be played by a man. Humour has been defined as a juxtaposition of incongruities, and I suppose it is considered that the wider the incongruity the greater the humour. When, however, the incongruous attire remains the actor's chief claim to our laughter for an entire evening we are apt to suffer from what Shelley calls "sad satiety." All the possible mathematical combinations of humour derivable from this particular incongruity can very well be crowded into a single scene; and after that, it seems to me, the actor concerned might in mercy change into his own attire and give us a chance to forget the extravagance we were guilty of laughing at. It is understood, I know, that at the pantomime season of the year we are expected to take our amusements in a less exacting spirit than usual, but I see no reason why, even for the dear sake of tradition, we should submit to be bored.

ONE has a natural reluctance to use the word "vulgar" in connection with current pantomime; but it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that some such qualifying expression meets the occasion most fitly. Managers will, of course, very properly retort that they have to cater for all tastes—in which category must be included those who have no taste at all—and that a pantomime is not a work of art, but a very complicated commercial transaction. The answer to such an argument is as complete as it is impolite. I should be the first to agree that all tastes—even depraved ones—have a right to be considered and ministered to on their own particular territory; but I am quite noisily contumacious when it is claimed that I must accept for my own entertainment the standard of amusement set up by the Man in the Street. Experience does not seem to prove that a certain degree of refinement is incompatible with wholehearted amusement. The original production of *The Blue Bird*, for instance, was a commercial transaction, and it is understood to have been a very satisfying transaction at that for all the business men concerned. Versions of *Alice in Wonderland* have rarely been failures. That now being played at the Savoy (at matinées only) is deservedly drawing full houses. *Where Children Rule* was a worthy success at the Garrick in the Christmas of 1909, and *Pinkie and the Fairies*, is sure to be served again and again. Another worthy

Principal "Boy" and Principal Girl

IS IT NOT TIME THEY WERE OF OPPOSITE SEX?

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS DOLLY CASTLES AS JACK, AND MISS JULIA JAMES AS THE PRINCESS IN "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK" AT DRURY LANE

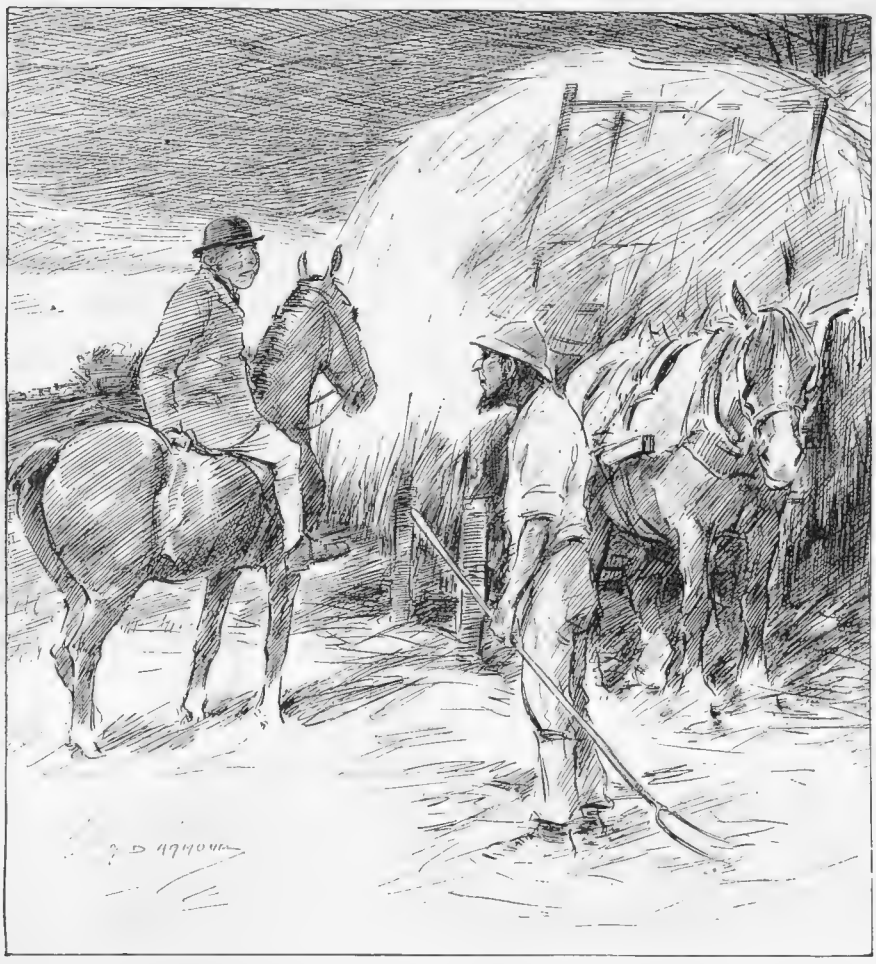
Is it not nearly time that even Pantomime were made plausible by the impersonation of the principal boy and principal girl by persons of opposite sex? The child of to-day is sufficiently critical to desire to see real love-making on even the pantomime stage, and we venture respectfully to suggest that the lady who plays the part of Jack in the above photograph (save for the detail of her nether garments) looks no more like the hero of the fairy tale than does the particularly pretty principal girl. If anybody tells us that the public in general, and the juvenile public in particular, like this form of deception, we reply frankly that we don't believe it

production of the kind is *Peter Pan*, which has received so liberal a measure of public support that it has been produced for seven consecutive seasons. When, therefore, theatrical managers pretend that they cannot give the public good work because they cannot make it pay, they stand condemned on two counts. On their own confession they are bad artists and very poor men of business.

SOONER or later, it may be, the public will ask for some guarantee of aptitude from the person who elects to set up in business as a theatrical manager. The post is becoming more and more responsible as time goes on, and it does not seem fair to the public that they should be lured by the misuse of the title of a time-honoured fairy tale into a theatre providing an entertainment which is simply an orgie of indefensible vulgarity. The fact that such entertainments are usually labelled "children's pantomimes" makes them even less tolerable in the public interest. The old fairy tales, more especially those which owe their origin to the Arabian Nights Entertainments, possess a practically limitless capacity for poetical and artistic treatment; while Mr. Anstey has only recently demonstrated that the theme is one that lends itself readily enough to really delightful humour. Instead of which, as the magistrate said, a "popular" manager collects a number of music-hall performers and dove-tails their extravagant inanities into a "story" which is usually written round the available scenery and properties, and which is then most unjustifiably given the name of one of the better-known fairy tales.

ONE of the greatest absurdities to be noted at this season of the year is the attitude of theatrical managers towards music-hall artists. For some time past theatrical managers have been covering themselves with biting ridicule by their active protests against the performance of stage plays at the variety theatres. But during the pantomime season the same managers have no hesitation in turning their theatres into music-halls, while the halls themselves remain depleted of artists, and must not retaliate on the theatres by performing plays. The only conclusion the average playgoer can come to is that theatrical managers cannot produce good plays themselves, and will not allow anyone else to do so. They might study a well-known fable of Æsop with advantage. In the past twelve months there have been more prosecutions than ever before in respect of plays performed at variety theatres; and I think I shall be right in saying that during the same period the proportion of indifferent plays produced at the theatres has beaten all records. If the managers ask for the help of the public so that they may keep up the standard of theatrical entertainment, the public should have the right to protest against the wholesale importation of the music-hall element into theatres that give "Christmas pantomime." If music-halls have no right to trespass on the domain of the legitimate theatre, the converse of the proposition ought as rigidly to prevail.

WITHIN their limitations, it is fair to theatrical managers to say that they endeavour now and then to wriggle towards the light, and to soften a little the wearisome banalities of their music-hall collaborators. At Drury Lane, for instance, Mr. Arthur Collins, who is, perhaps, our one manager who may not prudently flout the traditions of his theatre, has given us one or two scenes which are a credit to his discernment and his artistic taste. At the Lyceum, again, a distinct and pleasing air of refinement has been introduced by the engagement of Miss Iris Hoey, whose acting is at a high level of excellence throughout the pantomime, and whose singing is of a distinctly rarer quality than that with which the pantomime public is usually favoured. But it is doubtful if the discovery of even two righteous men can save the old-fashioned pantomime from its resting-place in oblivion, where it has long been overdue. Its methods and its humour belong to the dawn of modern civilisation; and in these days the average playgoer wants to throw, as Whittier says, the windows of his soul wide open to the sun. JINGLE.



Farmer: "Ye'd better get along with that job sharp, Sam'l. Rain be coming. The barometer's gone down awful"
Sam'l: "Well it du be main curious that a lil thing like that can 'ave such an effect on the weather"
By G. D. ARMOUR

Alien Types in London

No. I.—"SOHO"

BY NORMAN MORROW

Sex and the Short Story: The Bystander Attacked

I have received the following letter from an anonymous reader, who signs himself SAUNTERER:

(*To the Editor of* THE BYSTANDER)

DEAR SIR,—

I write as an occasional reader only of THE BYSTANDER, being one of those unlucky people who cannot indulge in the luxury of a sixpenny paper every week. Now, Sir, I wish to make one candid criticism. There is only one thing in your paper of which I do not approve—the tone of your short stories.

It appears to me that these stories depend almost entirely for their effect on one theme—Sex. The treatment varies, of course, with the skill of your authors. Some of your stories deal with the legitimate *affaires* of the unattached, and as such are unobjectionable. Others frankly deal with breaches, actual or potential, of the Seventh Commandment, and, as such, cannot be said to have a healthy moral tendency. Now, Sir, I desire to put this issue on the broadest possible grounds, and will not bother you with the question of morals. It would be easy for you and your authors to reply that you cater for men and women of the world, and not for school boys and girls, and that if breaches of the Seventh Commandment are socially the order of the day, a writer is false to his art if he conveys a contrary impression. Besides, "legitimate" love affairs have been done to death, and are a field in which originality is impossible. Edwin and Angelina, uninteresting in real life to others than themselves, are equally uninteresting in literature, and so on.

I grant you the right to that reply. But I look at the matter at its root. The world is wide, and literature should be in tune with the whole gamut of human emotion, not only with one particular chord, however luscious. The short story should tell us of episodes, or of emotional complications of every sort and kind: of love, jealousy, ambition, enterprise, enthusiasm, rivalry, intrigue. For environment you have the whole field of human effort—war, science, art, politics, diplomacy, the stage, to draw upon. Why will BYSTANDER authors—and others—still harp on this too familiar theme, the illicit relationships of the sexes? Is not Cerberus himself growing nauseated with the same old sop? And is there not the danger that he will, if he receives it much longer, turn round and bite you badly?

With apologies, Sir, for any annoyance this complaint may give you, and assurances of the excellence of my intentions, I am, etc., SAUNTERER.

With the tone of this letter it is impossible to quarrel, and the comments SAUNTERER makes on the subject of stories dealing with sex problems contain little that is not perfectly true. I feel, however, after reading it, rather like the schoolboy who, on receiving severe chastisement, agreed that the punishment was the only possible one for the offence committed, but that, unfortunately, he had not himself robbed that particular orchard.

SAUNTERER confesses himself only an occasional reader of THE BYSTANDER, and it seems to have been his luck—good or bad, as the case may be—when he has read a BYSTANDER short story to have done so in an issue containing a story of the particular kind to which he refers. Whether stories dealing with such relations of the sexes are good or bad, healthy or unhealthy, is a point on which I should very much like the opinions of my readers, but to suggest that all, or even any large number, of our short stories deal with this theme is to suggest what is not in accordance with the facts.

To tell the bare truth, stories of this kind have, during the last twelve months at any rate, been the exception and not the rule. It is possible to count them on the fingers of one hand. In the table below will be found, against the date of each issue of THE BYSTANDER during fifty-two weeks, the theme, summed up in a few words, of each story published:

SUMMARY OF THEMES OF BYSTANDER SHORT STORIES, JAN.-DEC., 1910 INCLUSIVE

JAN.	5.	Chromatic Fantasia.
„	12.	Episode in Life of Doctor.
„	19.	Feline Psychology.
„	20.	Author's dementia, Wife's Devotion.
FEB.	2.	Woman with a Past.
„	9.	Scientist's Experiment.
„	16	Musician's Failure to Succeed.
„	23.	Coincidence in Early Life of Two Elderly Frenchmen.
MARCH	2.	Subaltern's Disgrace in India.
„	9.	Old Lovers (Unmarried) Re-encounter—Tragedy.
„	16.	Young Girl's Infatuation for Mother's Old Lover.
„	23.	Satire on Suicide.
„	30.	Woman Gambler and Parvenu Suitor (Unmarried)
APRIL	6.	Duchess and Deceitful Maid.
„	13.	Young Girl's Secret—Misunderstanding—Tragedy.
„	20.	Blackmail.
„	27.	Wifely, Motherly, and Grandmotherly Devotion.
MAY	4.	Connoisseur's Love Affair (Unmarried).
„	11.	Sex Psychology.
„	18.	Girl's Devotion to Dying Lover.
„	25.	Rural Scandal, Love and Revenge.
JUNE	1.	Derby Day Story (Racing).
„	8.	Widow's Intrigues with Successive Husbands.
„	15.	Monte Carlo Gambling Romance.
„	22.	English Girl—Japanese Lover (Unmarried).
„	29.	Reconciliation Between Estranged Husband and Wife at Daughter's Wedding.
JULY	6.	French Duel Between Man and Woman (Married).
„	13.	Woman's Devotion to Indifferent Lover (Unmarried).
„	20.	Tragedy of Author Married to Actress.
„	27.	*BACHELOR'S ATTENTIONS TO MARRIED WOMAN.
AUG.	3.	Woman's Devotion to Blackmailed Husband. (Villain's Confusion).
„	10.	Rich Husband Sacrifices Fortune to Punish Selfish Wife.
„	17.	Lovers' Rivalry—Averted Tragedy—Happy Ending.
„	24.	Woman's Suspicion of Lover (Unfounded).
„	31.	Evils of Excessive Smoking.
SEPT.	7.	Matrimonial Estrangement and Reconciliation.
„	14.	Woman's Criminal Instincts.
„	21.	Village Scandal (Unfounded).
„	28.	Crime in 1960. Satire on Crippen Case.
OCT.	5.	Woman's Concealed Devotion to Husband—Happy Ending.
„	12.	Episode in Married Woman's Past.
„	19.	Accidental Death. Apparent Murder. Vindication.
„	26.	Mystery of Literary Theft.
NOV.	2.	Man Surrenders Aristocratic Fiancé for French Peasant.
„	9.	Woman Gambler. Tragedy.
„	16.	Country House Burglary.
„	23.	Golf. Finance. Politics.
„	30.	Influence of Desert on Temperament.
DEC.	7.	*Christmas No. Seven Stories of Assorted Varieties to Suit all Tastes.
„	14.	*THE BURGLAR. Nobleman in Debt Burgles Flat of Faithless Wife of Faithless Husband.
„	21.	*Wife Suspects Faithless Husband of Murder. Vindication.
„	28.	Estranged Man and Wife Reunited by Unexpected Maternity.

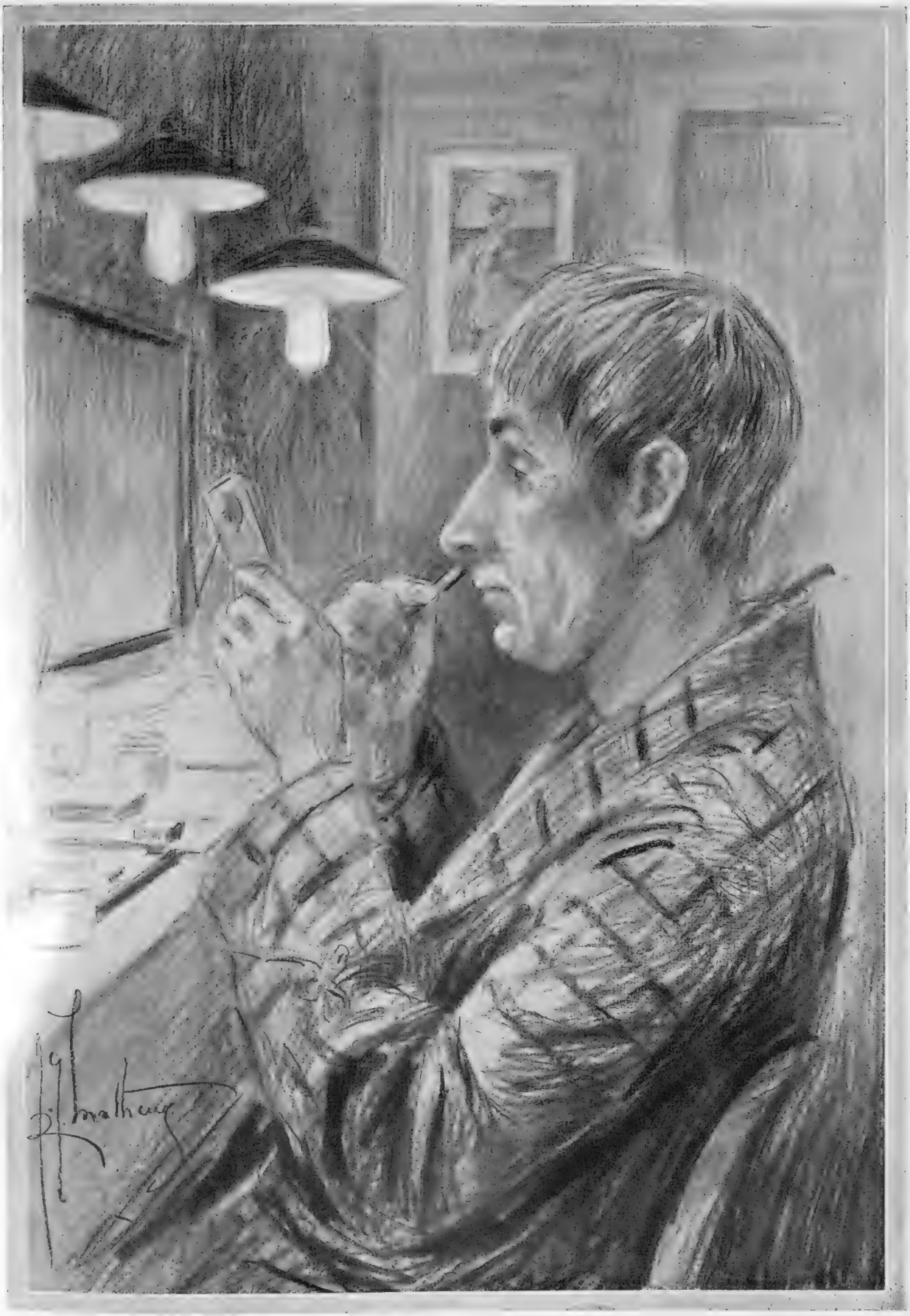
Invitation to Readers: £3 3s. Prize For Best Criticism

It will be seen that the percentage of stories dealing with sex at all is very small, and that positively the only ones dealing with illicit relationships are those (marked *) of July 27, December 14, and December 21, with, possibly one in the Christmas number. That, out of fifty-two stories dealing with problems of real life, forty-eight should have avoided the subject of the Seventh Commandment, is surely a striking testimony to the skill and versatile originality of "Bystander" authors generally, in which the Editor modestly refuses to share.

Communications from readers on the above topic, in agreement or disagreement with Saunterer will be welcomed, and the Editor will pay the sum of Three Guineas for what he considers to be the most valuable criticism, reserving the right to publish a selection of all letters sent in. Length not to exceed 500 words, and communications to be addressed to the Literary Editor, "The Bystander," Tallis Street, London, E.C., to reach the office at latest on Friday, January 13.

Preparing to Be "Merry and Bright"

MR. ALFRED LESTER CAUGHT IN THE ACT BY "THE BYSTANDER'S" SPECIAL ARTIST



MR. ALFRED LESTER, THE LUGUBRIOUS JOCKEY, IN "THE ARCADIANS" AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE, MAKING HIMSELF UP TO LOOK WHAT HE CALLS "MERRY AND BRIGHT"

BY R. G. MATHEWS

An Arm-Chair Politician Now!

EX-PRESIDENT STEYN INTERVIEWED BY THE BYSTANDER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN SOUTH AFRICA

BEHIND two swift-footed South African ponies, Mr. Percy Fisher (a son of the Cabinet Minister who was once Premier of the Orange Free State) drove me out from Bloemfontein across the sun-dowered veldt to Onze Rust, the isolated farmstead of ex-President Steyn. I had expressed a wish to see the man who figured so prominently in war scenes ten years ago. The idea that he was something more than a looker-on at the great game of reconciliation and statue-structure now proceeding had not occurred to me. I suppose one located the pivot of politics in the Cape Parliament or at Groote Schuur, where Botha has superseded Rhodes as host. Steyn, like Goschen, might excusably be overlooked. Yet it did not require much conversation with the ex-President and those in close touch with him at Bloemfontein to reveal the fact that the master of "Onze Rust" wields almost as much influence in politics as the Ex-President of other united states. Mr. Steyn's health, however, will not allow him, like Mr. Roosevelt, to take the field. He has only recently turned fifty—young enough for many years of harness in other circumstances; but a local affliction of the eyelids which necessitates a dark room and other bodily ailments, happily yielding to treatment, keeps him more or less an invalid. So in the troublous times of "settling down," when so many interests are in conflict and a broad discerning outlook is essential, the young Union statesmen come to "Onze Rust," and there seek and obtain inspiring wisdom.

Ex-President Steyn

Ten years ago in flight from the British conquerors of the Orange Free State, he is now one of the most pacific influences in South African politics, and acts as a sort of arm-chair adviser of the active young statesmen of the Union.

A black-bearded giant clad in a loose suit of sombre hue, Mr. Steyn, coming out on to the stoep to greet us, did not suggest infirmity or inaction. When, stretched out later in his armchair talking freely and frankly, you saw the heavy eyelids lifting themselves with difficulty the "reason for it" was made manifest. You thought of Highbury and another man ostensibly on the shelf.

"I am most optimistic about the future," said the ex-President when Mrs. Steyn, a charming hostess, had served delicious coffee and Boer cakes. "These the President ate with such relish on commando," she recommended.

"Of course," he went on, "we shall require time, much time perhaps, to set our house in order. But eventually, when controversy has spent itself in Parliament—and free discussion is to be sturdily advocated—I believe sanguine anticipations will be realised, and the country, with its illimitable resources, prosper. That end will be the sooner reached if those in authority are not interfered with by Downing Street, if responsible government means the same in South Africa as it does in Canada and Australia.

"I hope your Government at home won't preach the gospel of militarism to Dutch farmers. So far as the defence of the country is concerned, British troops might be withdrawn to-morrow, but it is one thing to ask the peace-loving farmer to defend his home from outside attack and another to recruit him as a soldier."

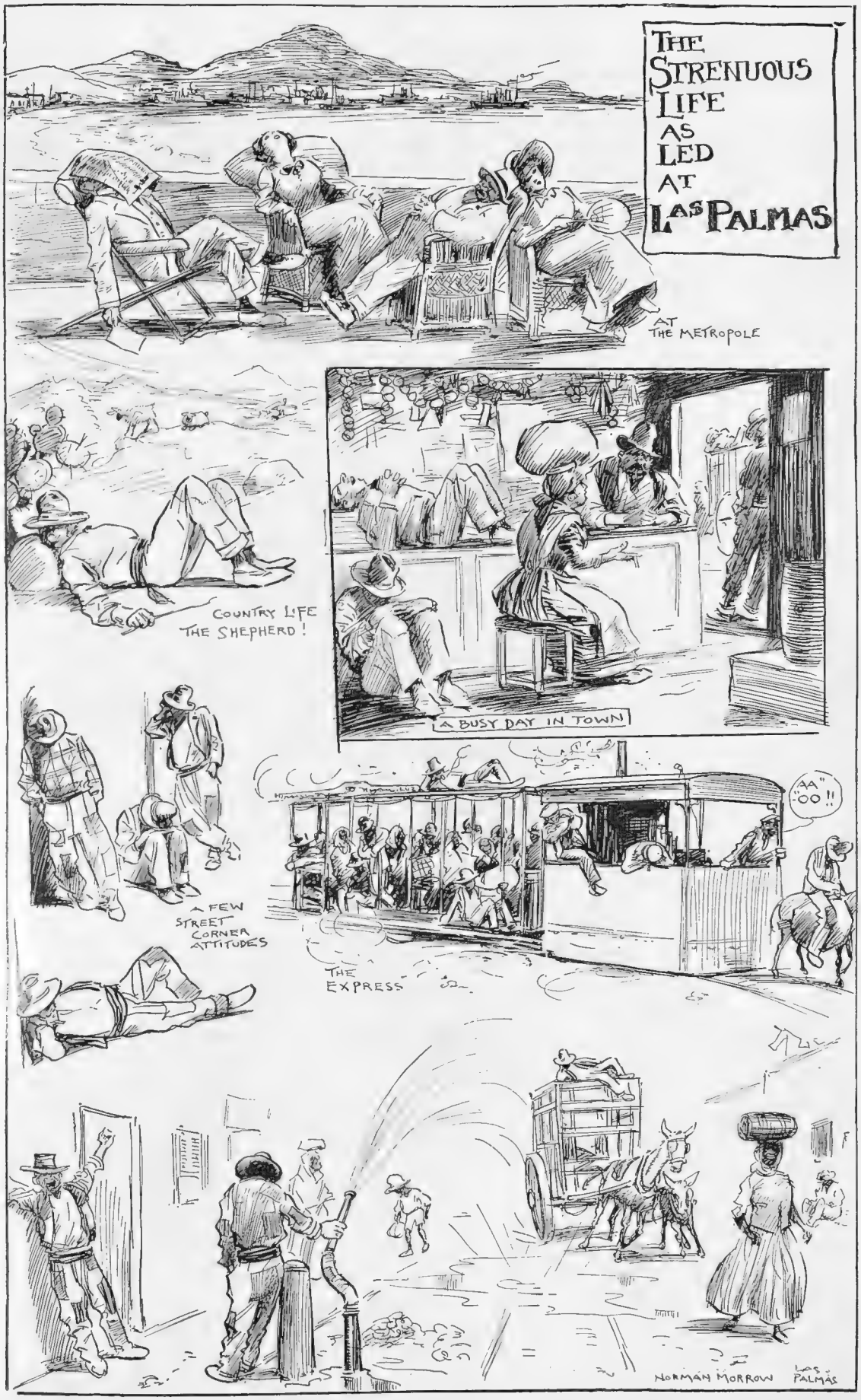
"Would the Boer and Briton fight side by side?" I asked.

"Assuredly, if there were a native attack," he replied. "You would hear nothing then about racial divisions."

That feeling still ran high in some places he did not deny, but that war could recur or that the aim of any practical politicians was to raise the Dutch flag over a United South Africa he dismissed with incredulity. He agreed that the recent elections had revealed the soreness of old wounds, and regretted that the battle of the polls had not been fought, for example, on the question of the capital, which would have set town against town, uniting the races in each rather than Dutch against British. The language question, he admitted, was a large one, fraught with inevitable controversy, but he believed the good sense of all parties would triumph. A good deal of misconception had arisen by heated newspaper articles. Those responsible for education had not been given their due chance to mention the war. "The President," put in Mrs. Steyn, who was seated near, "went into the war a young man and came out of it an old man. He became President when he was thirty-eight. The burghers smiled at one so young guiding their destinies." And now, it is said, had he been physically strong enough to bear the burden Mr. Steyn could have been Prime Minister of the new Union.

One amusing reminiscence came out of the black beard. The Free Staters, with Steyn in command, were in laager. In the small hours the President's native groom awakened him with the news that the British were coming in. Already dressed, Mr. Steyn rose and made a dash for his horse, a bullet whizzing past his head as he mounted. The officer who fired demanded the identity of the rider. "Only an old burgher. No need to worry about him," was the groom's discreet reply. The officer was shown into the presence of a Boer exactly like Steyn and was jubilant at the capture, but his satisfaction was short-lived. "My brother," explains the ex-President, "They never could catch *me*." A. W. M.

While England Shivers



Many Britons go annually to Las Palmas to escape the dreadful climate of our island in winter. Mr. Norman Morrow's sketches make one yearn to fly at once to a place where the sun does really keep shining in the sky

The Bystander in Berlin

IT is a vicious delusion that Teutons have no humour. They produced Heine, the Kaiser Sigismund, and the "Statistical Year Book of the German Empire." This week they have revealed a peace enthusiast named Seyn, who is displaying overwhelming humour on a subject which concerns the tranquillity of Europe, and possibly even the fate of the immemorial British Empire.

It is the *Almanach de Gotha* which inspires the humour of Herr Seyn. This well-bred handbook, which in easily shocked England is edited so as not to offend the most proper young person, has begun in its German edition to show reprehensible levity. What is worse, it is the levity of the Jacobin revolutionist, and it is directed against an honourable British institution. Taking advantage of the British Heir-Apparent's defenceless youth, the "Almanach" decrees that his Royal Highness is no longer to be called in German "Prinz von Wales," but is to be known by the incomprehensible title, "Fuerst von Wales." To the average German this at first sounds as ridiculous as "Earl of Wales" or "Duke of Wales." But the *Almanach de Gotha* is accustomed to laying down the law, and henceforth, it affirms, all correct reference-books will deprive the British Heir of the title "Prinz" and call him simply "Fuerst."

In its newly appeared 1911 edition the "Almanach" justifies this change with all the sophistries of a Parliamentary candidate. Its sole excuse for its conduct is that for the title of Prince, Germans have two words, "Prinz" and "Fuerst." There is a difference of opinion as to which is the loftier title; and the "Almanach," in its conceit, apparently imagines that it is giving England's future ruler promotion when it calls him a "Fuerst." It ignores the fact that, for instance, all Germans (including itself) still speak of the "Prinz von Orange," and never call this dignitary a "Fuerst." The "Almanach" reasons that "Fuerst" is the right title for a Prince who happens to be the holder of an independent title, whereas "Prinz" is an inferior sort of person, a "Fuerst's" younger brother, for instance. As the Prince of Wales has a distinctly independent title, the holder (in German) is not, runs the argument, a Prinz at all, but a Fuerst.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany on Board the "Prinz Ludwig" on their Eastern Tour

Naturally, in a land of scholastic dialectics and Pink-Forbidden-City etiquette, this momentous innovation inspires disputatious pens. Both sides have absolutely irresistible arguments. (Again the electoral parallel—Ed.) Those who stand for the superiority of "Prinz" point to the fact that Germany's Heir is "Kronprinz," and not "Kronfuerst," and that all his brothers are "Prinzen," and not "Fuersten." It is the non-Royal Princes of Prussia who are nearly all "Fuersten." This proves conclusively that a "Prinz" is a better man, and that the "Almanach's" innovation is wrong. But when you have heard of this Tory argument against revolution, and are on the point of recording your vote, the persistent Radicals, among whom is the "Almanach," produce equally overwhelming arguments that the innovation is right, because "Fuerst," as they show, is beyond comparison loftier than "Prinz."

One piece of overwhelming evidence is this. In Bavaria certain big nobles lately claimed to be "Prinzen," but the Royal house rejected their claim, and said that its own members were the only Bavarian Princes. The nobles must remain "Fuersten" and be thankful. Another argument is that the younger sons of many haughty German "Fuersten" bear the title "Prinz" as a mark of ignominy, and would chuckle at being hailed as "Fuerst," as did the Berlin Bystander when his hall-porter addressed him "Guten Morgen, Herr Doctor."

Perhaps this seems a trivial subject for a letter from Berlin. But to the superficial all things are superficial. Herr Seyn veraciously says that mutual understanding is a first condition of better relations, and he points out that in the eighteenth century a trivial incident, to wit, the rumoured loss of Captain Jenkin's ear drove the fiery, impetuous Englishmen into bloody war with Spain. And if the "Almanach's" innovation is sanctioned, he rightly says that there can be no hope of better understanding between the Empires. The very word "Fuerst" is enough to lead to endless confusion.

"Ask any Englishman ignorant of German who is the Fuerst von Wales," he exclaims. "What will he answer?"

Most likely, says the Berlin Bystander, he will answer, "The Chief Druid at the Eisteddfodd," or "The Chancellor of the Exchequer."

Princess Penelope

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCESS

Who will soon be back in Germany to await the return of Ulysses, otherwise, her husband the Crown Prince, whose Far-Eastern Odyssey is now in full swing. We trust, however, that the Prince will not keep his Consort waiting quite so long for his return as was the case with his Homeric predecessor

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

GOSSIP ON CURRENT AFFAIRS

ANYBODY who thinks that he can escape from British politics by coming to Paris makes a great mistake. People here talk of hardly anything but English politics just now. At home I do not think we realise what an enormous stake is being played at the present moment. At a little distance from the stage on which our political drama is being acted, as here in Paris, people see the main lines of action without the accessory details. The Revolution in Portugal is quite dwarfed by the tremendous issue involved in the impending English Revolution. Bloodshed at a distance is hardly ever realised by public opinion, and the absence of bloodshed in the new English Revolution does not in any way diminish the importance of the existing struggle of English democracy to obtain absolute power.

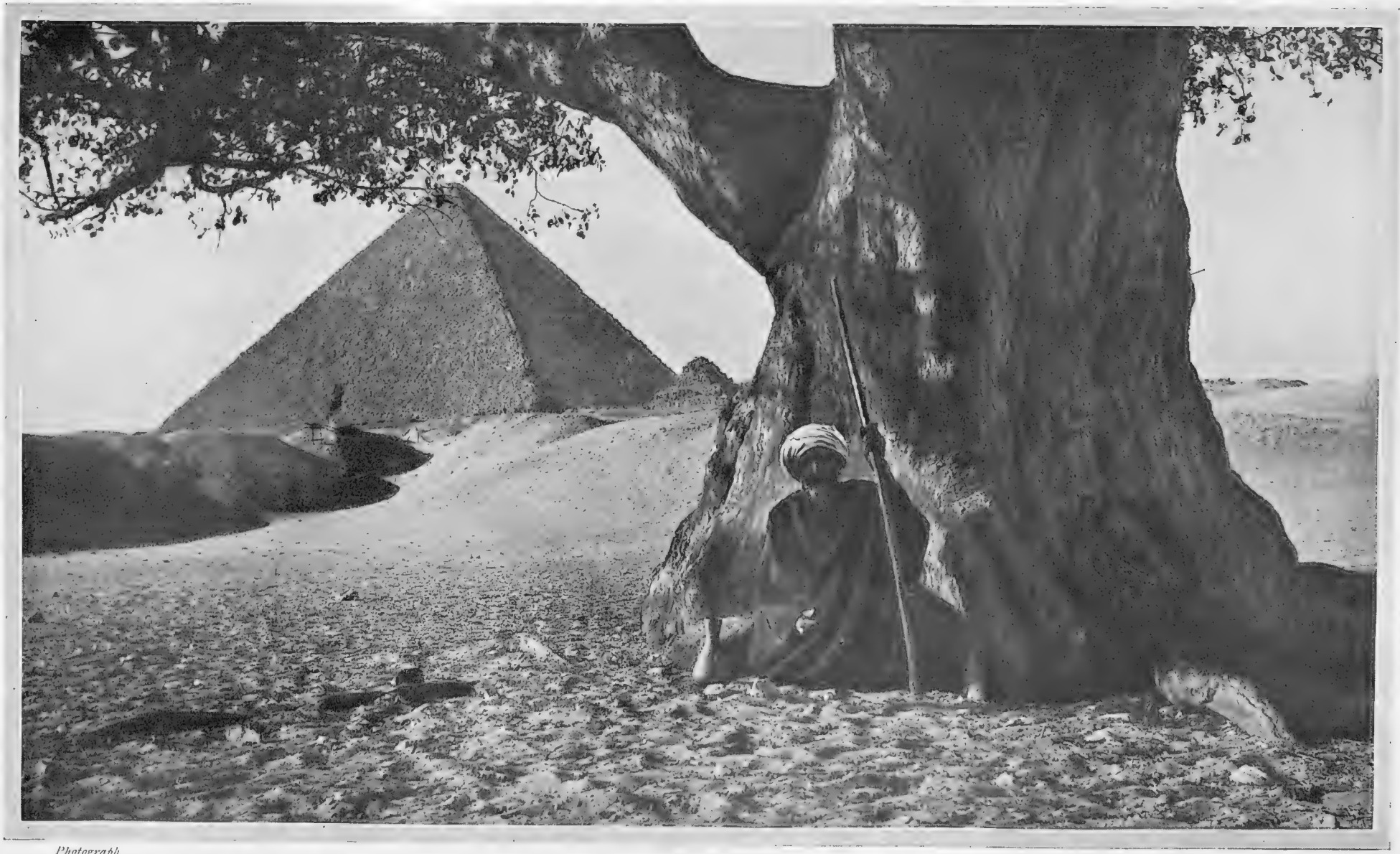
There is but one voice among French critics. They admire the splendid spirit of this Parliamentary fight, and though they regret that England should seem bent upon a reform of the House of Lords which will lessen its prestige, they appreciate the determined spirit in which the battle is being fought with argument alone. French Conservatives sympathise entirely with their English brethren. The House of Lords was their strongest argument, and they hold up their hands in horror at the disappearance of the only remaining barrier to the advance of Socialism in our two countries. In France, Socialism has won and is practically in possession, but being in possession its advocates find it is still too soon to adopt any but the mildest of its tenets. The present French Cabinet is Socialistic if the political opinions of its leading members are a criterion. In practice it is simply Liberal and Progressive—even considerably less so than the present British Government.

The Archduchess Maria Josepha of Austria

Who is well-known for her philanthropic work. At the Vienna Town Hall the 10th anniversary was recently celebrated in the presence of the Emperor Franz Joseph of a home instituted by the Archduchess, which gives shelter to 6,000 destitute children

Parisians seem to have caught the British craze for travelling at holiday time, and many of the *bourgeoisie* even have this year gone to Switzerland, an unheard-of experiment a few years ago. I have noticed the last two or three years that Parisians are not giving themselves up exclusively to bringing their "taste" to a high art, but are going in also for a little comfort. In many Parisian households nowadays you are not looked upon as a suicide if you open your bedroom window, nor an "invalid" if you ask for a bath every day. It looks to me, after a short absence from Paris, as if fashions were getting more and more eccentric, and objects of apparel are so *outré* that they are of very little use as such. Nothing appears to me so ridiculous as to see the footman of a smart household carrying the lady's "muff" to her carriage. And so it is with every thing. Dresses are under-proportioned, more than ever, and hats so over-proportioned that my *coiffeur* tells me there is a terrible slump in human hair. Following the craze of the smart woman in the Gay Capital, I have been to lectures every afternoon. Every available hall is booked up weeks ahead for these *causeries*, and when a hall is not available empty shops are used. Unfortunately, every Frenchman and Frenchwoman is such an expert in this *art de causer* that the supply exceeds the demand, and most *causeurs* are obliged to work for the love of the art. I wonder whether London will catch this craze, and whether the ladies of Mayfair, as a change from politics, will invite their friends to tea at the Ritz, when the cruelty of the "human hair traffic" will be discussed. It would be a change, at any rate!

Winter in Egypt: A Pyramidical Photographic Study



Photograph *J. M. Renaall*

The desire not to be in England now that Winter's here being greater than ever this season, the above serves as a reminder—if needed—of the attractions of Egypt as a refuge from rain, fog, frost and snow

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

FAR from admitting that Free Trade has ruined their business, coronet manufacturers maintain that they have never looked forward to a brighter and busier season.

* * *

Answer to a Correspondent.—"I cannot advise you, Probable Peeress, to try making your husband's coronet at home, even though you have, as you say, a useful sewing-woman. They are ticklish things to cut out, and I know of no paper that gives away a really reliable pattern. Order size 8. This will allow for head-expansion."

* * *

We all know that some losses are blessings in disguise, and it may be that, having had his pockets picked on the way to Switzerland, Mr. Birrell will now sympathise more with the poor dear Dukes.

* * *

It is pleasant to hear that the Kaiser spent Christmas Day wandering about the woods of Potsdam "in his favourite disguise of a huntsman" and giving away silver coins to the wood-choppers and workmen he met. Pleasant, too, to think how those simple wood-choppers and workmen, having received their coin, hurried off to their respective newspaper offices and earned another coin by writing all about it.

* * *

The Crown Prince was in Ceylon at the time, also *incognito*, in the disguise of a golfer. He is said to have taken up the game with such keenness that on one occasion, during a poor round, he actually said good-day to his opponent and walked off the course.

* * *

He is not one of those Royalties who like to have everything done for them by other people. This is no doubt why, when out pig-sticking, "the Prince himself," to quote the *Mail*, "speared a fine boar."

* * *

The Crown Prince, by the way, shot his first tiger with a long, excellent shot at the very part where King Edward, the Tsar, and King George shot theirs. I suppose tigers are like human beings, and will flock to places where they may come into contact with Royalty.

* * *

A halfpenny postcard is shortly to be sold for a halfpenny. This seems extraordinarily reasonable when one remembers what a long time it generally takes a Post-Office assistant to get one out of the drawer.

* * *

We welcome the news that guards on the Boston elevated railway have been ordered by the directors "to acquire voices that are mellifluous and audible in all parts of the cars." There is no reason why, after a bit, the habit should not spread to the passengers.

* * *

In this country we rather hope that conductors will not be taught elocution. It would take Londoners years before they could recognise stations under their real names.

* * *

Besides, the thing would be unfair to other people. Only the constant practice we get during the week in trying to make out what muffled words railway officials are emitting enable us to follow, in so many cases, the sermons we hear on Sundays.

* * *

The statement made by one of the City Alderman that the average English desperado, when cornered by the police, yields himself at once with the words, "This is a fair cop," is being combated in some quarters. Suffragettes maintain that they never consider anything a fair cop.

* * *

All the same, it is to be hoped that policemen will not be armed with the same weapons as their enemies. A young constable who lost his head at a critical moment might be distinctly dangerous if armed with an umbrella.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George has declared to a *Matin* interviewer that he is a Francophile, and now the readers of that journal are wondering if perhaps Mr. Cadbury is an exponent of the *joie de vivre*.

"Come along to bed, Ethel. I'm sure you wouldn't like to keep the Lord up all night, just to listen to you"

A Preposterous Suggestion

Urchin (to distinguished general officer): "Now, Capting, won't yer show 'em 'ow yer used to skite when yer was in Hindia?"

BY WILMOT LUNT

A Defence of Winter Sport

THOUGH OFTEN HUMOROUS, IT HAS ITS SERIOUS SIDE

By WARD MUIR

THE winter-sport craze, which promises to be more violent this season than ever, has reached, so to speak, its top note in ski-ing. Tobogganing and skating have both become secondary considerations at the Alpine resorts, and curling is but a restful interlude. Ski-ing is "It."

The word "ski" is pronounced like the English "she." Hence countless puns, more or less atrocious. Hence, also, innumerable Limericks and other poems. One of these—more quotable than certain which could be mentioned—runs as follows:

> The Wengen girl's quite at her ease
> When the snapshotter sees she's on skis;
> She don't care a rap,
> When his shutter goes snap,
> For the snow is—well—up to her knees.

This is no monopoly of Wengen, however, though

The Start of a Ski-race at St. Moritz

Wengen's ski-ing slopes are certainly making a reputation for themselves as the ideal nursery for the tyro ski-runner. Snow is snow all the Alps over, and may afford a harbourage considerably more than knee-high, as many a spluttering novice can testify from experience. But at Wengen there is a celebrated hillside of whiteness, known facetiously as the Death Trap, where the snow seems particularly kindly, and which is much patronised by lady beginners. It is, perhaps, the least dangerous, the most utterly simple, ski-ing place in Europe; that is why it is called the Death Trap. We are a funny nation, to be sure, and the local Swiss, after profound and serious cogitation, are still trying to see the point of the name.

At the Death Trap, on any fine afternoon, you may behold a small crowd, mostly armed with Kodaks, agreeably lounging at the foot of the hill and waiting for the toiling novices who are ascending it. For you only go up the hill on skis in order to slide down again. And that slide down, though utterly unfraught with real peril, is a delicious agony to the newly fledged skier. Faster and faster his skis bear him forward over the declivity. The wind whistles past. In vain he—or, better still, she—tries to put on the brake with the ski-ing pole. There is no stopping, until, at last, *crash!*—some tiny irregularity in the snow upsets the precarious balance, and down goes the skier, feet in air, and *click!* go a dozen cameras.

Cruel cameras! But it is the greatest fun in the world. Moreover, the camera people are generally laughing so much that they can't aim straight; so they only get a blurred view of Wengen's hotels with no skiers in the foreground at all. But if one of those callous cinematograph men sets up his apparatus here on a Ladies' Race Day—but the thought is too horrible to contemplate. One may warrant, though, that when his film is on show at the Alhambra it will be a case of "House Full" every night.

But ski-ing's funny side isn't everything. Ski-ing is undoubtedly the finest pastime in the world. It doesn't begin and end with rushing violently down steep places into the sea—I mean, on to the point of your ski. Once you have trained your skis to behave themselves they will obediently carry you far from Kodakers and hotels, up into the wilds and solitudes and the indescribable wonders of the trackless passes. Here is nature at her fiercest and most lonely. Here are ice-bound fastnesses into which, before the discovery of skis, no human being ever penetrated in winter. The passion for exploration, which is so deep in the Britisher's very tissues, is fed by this new device of ski-ing. Switzerland has suddenly presented itself as a quite plausible and quite possible substitute for seeking the North Pole. Despite its sophistication, Switzerland in winter has its wastes and deserts and uninhabited uplands. To sneer at its palatial hotels and its crowds of English holiday-makers is a shallow mistake. To many the hotel is but a sleeping-place.

The term "pleasure-resort," applied to the Alpine retreats, is only superficially correct. They are something more than pleasure resorts, certainly something far more than health resorts. Look into the clear, healthy eyes of one of these explorer-skiers who has just returned from the heights, and you will read a something there which proves that ski-ing is no mere "craze" of the idler or the weakling. One does not speak of ski-ing as an alternative to a week at Monte Carlo. *Voilà tout!*

W. M.

Getting their Ski-Legs

WHERE THE WINTER SPORT TYRO MAKES HIS FIRST TUMBLES

Five Simultaneous Tumbles: Lady Novices on Skis

A remarkable snapshot at Wengen, in the Bernese Oberland, showing five simultaneous tumbles by lady novices. The scene is the ski-ing tyros' "nursery" at Wengen—an easy slope close to the Palace Hotel—down which all beginners make the first plunge, generally ending in a cloud of snow. The falls invariably take place to the accompaniment of the click of many cameras and the loud laughter of the spectators

Photographs] **Novices on the Ski-ing Slopes at Wengen** [*Ward Muir*

For reasons best known to those who delight in sarcasm, this slope is known as "The Death Trap." It forms an ideal practising ground for beginners

IN MILLER'S DALE

ON THE MOLE, M

WHY WIN

WHEN WINTER IS SOT

Photographs DOROTHY VERNON'S BRIDGE, HADDON HALL

As the annual rush to Switzerland is now in full swing, we beg to offer above a pathetic reminder that winter is so
better advantage than in our own country, and the brev

BETCHWORTH, SURREY

ER AWAY?

IMES WINTER AT HOME

HEAVY WALKING

AT THE EDGE OF THE COPSE *W. F. Taylor*

es worth waiting for at home. What the poet calls "the chaste beauty of unsunned snow" is surely nowhere seen to its stay makes its enjoyment, while it lasts, trebly acute

At Winter Sport Headquarters

A CURLING MATCH ON THE ICE AT ST. MORITZ

St. Moritz is a Paradise for Curlers. The game is played here under ideal conditions, the stones gliding as silently as a billiard ball on the perfect surface. Scotland's "roaring game" is at St. Moritz a game of whispers. It is difficult for the outsider to realise the fascinations of the pastime. Heaving stones and sweeping ice do not strike one as occupations that one would go far to seek, but there is a hobby for every temperament

The American Cat as seen by Louis Wain

How it Reproduces the Characteristics of the Transatlantic "Human." By Norman Fraser

PLEASE understand that what I don't know about cats, American or otherwise, would fill the British Museum.

I am merely a human gramophone recording Mr. Louis Wain, who lately returned from a long engagement on the staff of the *New York American*—Mr. W. R. Hearst's famous newspaper. If this article leads to war between us and the United States on Mr. Wain's head be it.

The American cat, it appears, is apt, like the American man, to run to physical extremes, and is usually either colossally fat or indecently thin. Mr. Wain reminds me, however, that it is rather misleading to speak of the "American cat." With the exception of the Maine cat—a puss of cerulean hue—and the tiger or wild cat, there are no breeds peculiar to the United States.

On the other hand, distinct types of puss are to be found there, which, in an amusing manner, often reproduce the characteristics of the humans among whom they live.

The cat of the east side of New York, for example, is a thin, big-boned, herring-gutted, slab-sided, long-nosed, lantern-jawed creature, possessed of a demon of restlessness. It is, in short, a "cat on hot bricks," never still, always rushing up and down the stairs of the huge tenement-houses, where it leads a chequered, feverish existence. It eats incredibly, and suffers much from dyspepsia. Its end usually is not peace, for after it has ceased to amuse as a kitten it is kicked to death or flung out of the window.

Dead cats are common adornments of the eastern side-walk, and no dust-bin is complete without one.

. . . . . .

The "down-town" or business cat is a night-bird—if the metaphor may pass. He is thinner than the east-sider and block-headed. He is never seen by day, but when night falls and the restaurants and eating-houses put out their refuse he appears and gorges on offal. He also devours other cats. A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles and a marauder is the down-town cat.

He often runs to fat, and then has his human prototype in those huge, soft, silky men with enormous paunches and thin legs who haunt hotel lounges and other public places. They never seem to do anything or to have any ostensible business, but Heaven help the human mouse who comes within reach of their paws. Scratch these men of Turanian type and you will quickly discover the Tartar that is in them.

The Tammany Tiger Cat

By Louis Wain

The prototype of the female "down-town" cat is the American fakir business woman, who is nothing if not sly, treacherous, predatory, and merciless.

While stictly moral (in the limited sense of the term) she encourages her employer to think that she is otherwise, lures him into disclosing valuable business secrets, and then sells him to the enemy.

She is quite conscienceless, her only love is cupboard love, and she is the natural antidote to the man-sneak who preys on women, and she runs him to earth.

The east-side and down-town cats are more or less wild, but up-town in the fashionable districts, there is to be found a fairly domesticated cat. An amusing peculiarity of this type is its love of "showing-off" before strangers.

Call on an up-town family where there is a cat, and puss will at once start all manner of antics, such as jumping on the mantelshelf, racing round the room, running up the curtains, anything to attract attention to itself.

In private the up-town cat is probably a dull, peevish, exhausted creature, but the presence of visitors seems to fill it with an insatiable passion for admiration and attention If it could talk, it would stop only out of sheer exhaustion—that is, in public.

. . . . . .

To the north of New York we get into the country. The country cat is generally yellowish, dried-up, raw-boned, furtive, semi-wild, and amazingly inquisitive. Its female and human congener is a haunting vision. The American country faker woman of the eastern States lives behind a mosquito curtain, through which her yellow, parchment-like face may be dimly seen. A sort of ghostly Cheshire cat is she, but she has wonderfully sharp eyes—for other people's business. A born meddler, she buzzes round like any mosquito, planting her sting wherever she gets an opening. She sometimes affects intellectual interests, and is for ever starting new societies for the propagation of this or that fad, and drops them when they have served her purpose. She would think she was ill if she had a moment's relief from indigestion. Yellow as a guinea, cunning as a fox, beware that sinister, shadowy figure, peering through the mosquito-curtained doorway.

The Business Woman

. . . . . .

On the whole, New York does not take much stock in cats. Chicago is America's cat city, and splendid shows are held there, cats being sent from towns and districts thousands of miles away. Mr. Wain judged at one of these shows, and was royally treated.

At the same time, there is a home for sick or lost cats in New York, known as the "Bide a Wee Home," and mention of it reminded Mr. Wain of a good story. He was there one day when there entered a human tiger-cat, a huge, savage brute of a man. "Say, how's my kitten?" he asked of the manageress. "Very bad," was the answer. The man walked over to the kitten's cage and took it out. "You little love," he said, while the tears rolled down his face. And the kitten cried too, for in that terrible, though unconscious, grip it was rapidly being strangled.

Mr. Wain pointed this out. "Guess I wouldn't hurt the little love for worlds, mister," said the giant, and fell to stroking the kitten, with a touch like that of a steam-plane. "Guess I have no luck. Four kittens I've had and they all died, and now this one's gwine too." "I am not surprised," said Mr. Wain; "let me advise you for your next pet to get a bulldog—not a puppy, but a full-grown bulldog."

. . . . . .

The real human tiger-cat of America, however, is the "Tammany Tiger-Cat." He often begins as a criminal of the Apache type. As the easiest way of dealing with him the police invite him to join the force.

Should he especially distinguish himself in the way of blackmail, "slugging" inoffensive citizens, and torturing innocent prisoners, he is promoted, and when he is promoted he takes to politics, and if he is big enough, brutal enough, and unscrupulous enough he becomes a Boss. As such he exacts heavy tribute from the criminal and vicious classes, whom he protects so long as they pay him, and he has a dirty, "grafting" finger in every public pie.

The wild-cat of Nature is quite a pleasant and domestic animal compared with the tiger-cat of Tammany.

. . .

Another type of American matrimonial cat flirts with other men in order to squeeze money out of her husband.

The American husband, contrary to popular opinion, is not always generous to his womankind, but he likes them to make a big front show for business reasons up to a certain point, but his wife wants more and ever more, and the husband is obdurate. He hates parting with money, but he hates still worse to see his wife making up to another fellow, and knowing this his wife uses it as a lever with which to bleed him.

Funny, isn't it? An English husband in similar circumstances would make a fuss and cut off supplies; the American husband is too much afraid of his wife's claws to say anything, and he bribes her into fidelity, at least, so he thinks, but really she is quite safe. She only wants to make her man toe the mark.

There are other and nicer cats altogether in the United States, but these are the cats that it is best to avoid.

N. W. F.

American Cats—Assorted: By Louis Wain

The Down Town Cat at Night

The Old Girl Behind the Screen

The Cat with the Bell-Like Voice with a Jag in It

The Big Cat with the Little Voice

The Show Girl

Mr. Louis Wain has recently returned from the United States, and the fierce light of the new world has not, happily, blinded his eye to feline effects

FAMOUS HUNTS AT HOME

No. XXVI.—THE VINE

Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby

"The Vine," Basingstoke, from which the Vine Hunt takes its name

IN writing my weekly articles on "Famous Hunts" it is not my desire or intention to shower praise where none is due; neither is it my wish to unduly crab others which do not appear—at least, to my mind—to be all that some fastidious judges would require. Every country is not necessarily ideal for hunting over, and, therefore, generous allowance has always to be made where the character of the land is such as to militate against the highest kind of sport. My line of country this week is through the Vine, which most hunting men know is a Hampshire territory. The origin of all names, including those of hunts, is, I think, interesting. Now, the Hunt of which I write takes its name from that most charming of country houses, "The Vine," near Basingstoke. To-day the vine-leaf is found on the Hunt buttons and evening coat-collar of the Vine Hunt. The pack has been in existence for about 116 years.

Sir R. Rycroft, Bt., Master of the Vine

The kennels, built about sixty years ago, are at Overton, and consist of wooden sheds with small yards enclosed by enormously high palings, which are tarred periodically. They have fair lodging-rooms, and, I am informed, are healthy, but I do not think I have ever seen anything quite like them in appearance. The pack consists of thirty-five couple of hounds, of which twenty couple are dogs. I cannot with honesty say I am altogether impressed by their appearance. They show lightness of bone, and their feet are certainly not strong points; neither are they level. Their necks and shoulders are fair, but they are not what I can describe as being straight hounds. I well understand that hunting over a country which is two-thirds flint and which carries a great amount of wire netting surrounding coverts to keep in rabbits, the best of feet get ruined, as they get cut and hung up and badly sprained. Their work, however, is better than their looks, and they have

A Famous Picture and the House that Holds It

The Celebrated Picture of the Vine Hounds Under the Late Earl of Portsmouth's Mastership

The Entrance to the Central Facade of "The Vine"

It was built by Lord Sandys in the latter part of Henry VII.'s reign, and was purchased in 1654 by Mr. Chaloner Chute, Speaker of the House of Commons in Richard Cromwell's brief Parliament. The ground it was built on was known as the Vyne, and appears to have been the habitation of man before the commencement of English history. It is, according to tradition, one of the places where the Romans attempted to introduce the culture of the Vine in the reign of the Emperor Probus, some seventeen centuries ago

certainly a good cry, good noses, and are persevering. The bitches, like the dogs, are not level, and are light of bone. This being a great game and sheep country, scenting, very flinty, and in parts thickly wooded, and, I am sorry to add, badly supplied with foxes. It is easy for horses, as there is not much jumping beyond occasional stiffish post and rails. The other part of the country is heavily wooded, and on the whole well supplied with foxes, and carries a scent.

The Huntsman's House, the Hunt Stables and Kennels Beyond

The Duke of Wellington is President of the Vine Hunt Club, and is a large landowner and takes a great interest in the Hunt. Not a great number of the resident landowners hunt, yet all are friendly. Sir Richard Rycroft is doing his utmost to show sport, and, since he took over the Vine, sport has greatly improved. A bold, fearless rider, with coverts everywhere, puppies are found a nuisance, for they run into coverts or after hares, and they also disturb foxes. It is thus easy to understand the trouble which the Master has to induce people to undertake the care of his puppies.

The Vine Hounds with Huntsman and Whips

Attrill, the huntsman, is thoroughly good in kennel, and in the field is quick, and is still a good, though now a careful, rider, and hounds come to him well without being turned. There are practically two countries, one being bad

Sir Richard Rycroft, the Master, and his Sister, Miss Rycroft, Starting in their Car for the Meet

a busy man in county matters, an officer in the Imperial Yeomanry, who fought in South Africa and was mentioned in dispatches, he resides at Dummer House, some six miles from Basingstoke and seven from kennels. All members of the Hunt will congratulate Sir Richard on his forthcoming alliance with the family of which the Earl of Belmore is the head, and will wish him long life and happiness and many years of Mastership of the Vine Hunt.

Bystander Short Story

The Tiger Lily

BY J. S. FLETCHER

Author of "Mothers in Israel," etc.

"WHAT brought me here?" Narcissus said across the dining-table to the hotel visitor, who, he perceived, was taking a thrilling interest in him, "I'm looking for a woman."

There was an impressive pause, "Indeed," the visitor commented respectfully; "your wife?"

"She is not my wife," replied Narcissus, "nor, of necessity, some other man's. I came here to look for her. I thought she would be here. I cannot find her. It's extremely expensive and excessively annoying."

The visitor was more than interested; he was curious.

"Perhaps she *is* here," he suggested gently, "and I have seen her, if you haven't. Could you describe the type of woman to me?"

"Describe her?" said Narcissus, his eyes gleaming with excitement; "certainly. She's the soulless tiger-lily type—half-fragrant flower, half-ravening beast; scented superficialities, heaped upon a yawning sepulchre of greed; the canker at the soul of all society; the cancerous growth that seems upon the increase; the vampire woman——." He broke off, and leaned forward, his eyes dilating, and fixed them upon a man and woman who had come into the dining-room. "There she is," he whispered. "Look!"

The hotel visitor turned his head, and beheld a magnificently beautiful and triumphantly soulless woman, with an unobtrusive and unhappy-looking man.

"At last!" exclaimed Narcissus, keeping his glowing eyes on her, "the very woman I've been trying to run down! I will watch her every movement, listen to her every word, dog her footsteps, scratch up an acquaintance, wind myself into her confidence, dissect the woman's soul—her mechanism, I mean—to pieces."

"Are you a detective hunting down a criminal?" the hotel-visitor inquired of Narcissus at length.

"No," said Narcissus; "I'm a dramatist, hunting a temperamental type."

"What a pity," said the visitor, who had a sense of humour, "that I'm *not* an interviewer after all!"

Narcissus coloured with vexation. He had been certain that this conversation would meet his eyes next morning in the *Daily Vulture*.

He rose with dignity. "What an intense relief to talk to somebody who *doesn't* want to make a guinea out of your remarks," he said.

It was not for nothing that his friends had christened him Narcissus. The first time that he looked into a mirror he had fallen in love with his reflection; he had never fallen out of love with it since then.

He went into the drawing-room to await the coming of the Tiger-lily, as he called her in his mind, and to alleviate his irritation with a cigar.

He had not very long to wait before she came, drawing in her wake the unobtrusive man. Narcissus laid his head against the Oriental cushions of the lounge in a particularly pretty pose, and watched the two under his long lashes.

"He is certainly her husband," commented Narcissus. "He looks so unhappy."

The unobtrusive man reminded him of the keeper of a first-prize exhibit at a dog show. He seemed perpetually conscious of his exhibit, his responsibility towards it, and his own insignificance compared to it. "I am the keeper," his whole manner expressed; "only the keeper. But my duties are not so light."

"Yes, she is certainly his wife," Narcissus said to himself, "because she takes no pains to please him."

She was rather like a tiger-lily to look at, too; her beauty was of the rustling and self-advertising type, her satisfaction in herself was as good as a printed catalogue of her admirers. Her hair was reddish gold, turned back from a round, pale face, the eyes were amber-brown, and the mouth was crimson. Narcissus leant back, and his eyes foraged in her soul; if she was a tiger-lily, then he was pulling her petals brutally.

"How she loves herself," he commented, "how she adores her beauty, her dresses, her ornaments, her dinner! It must be a pleasure to her to blow her nose. A *bourgeois* act, but it draws attention to the hands, the rings, and the laced handkerchief."

Yes, she was no better than a magnificent pet dog, well-combed, well-washed, well-fed, and with the same conviction that people lived to take her out and put down food before her.

His curiosity about her was immense. Did she imagine, then, she had a soul? Or was she content to be no better than a prize exhibit? Why, if she were, seeing that all her feelings and desires were of such paramount importance to her, did the one need of a soul remain unquestioned? A common type, he repeated to himself, heaven knew how common, and—how utterly inscrutable! What was the creature? Was she woman, animal, devil; were the rudiments of immortality in her? Was her happiness the uncouth mirth of a mindless thing, was her sadness the seeking of her nature for a spirit, or a passion of sulkiness, perhaps, because she could not feel? He would have liked to break her all to pieces, as a child breaks a mechanical toy, to find out how it goes. He made up his mind to speak to her, question her, cross-examine her, torment her, even, to find out if she could really feel.

Just then the woman moved to the mantelpiece. The keeper, as Narcissus called him, followed her, and looked at her with a strange, appealing sadness in his eyes. "He adores her," thought Narcissus immediately. "Does he know what he's adoring? Does he adore her because her soullessness has called out an unselfishness in him which a good woman might never have awakened? Or does he adore her because

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she represents the unattainable to him—because he knows she can never love him ? "

The man made a little movement towards her—it might have been to rearrange a fold of lace, or touch her cheek a moment ; he caught his sleeve in a string of jewels which she wore. It snapped, and the stones of which it was composed fell in a little tinkling shower.

The Tiger-Lily burst into a passion. Her eyes flashed, her cheeks flamed, she showed her teeth.

" You stupid creature ! " she cried ; " you're always doing something abominably clumsy ! "

" That proves conclusively he is her husband," thought Narcissus. " And that proves, also, that she has no soul ; she shows the utter lack of dignity and self-control of a mere animal."

He crossed the room to where the Tiger-Lily and her husband were searching for the jewels on the rug.

" May I be allowed to help ? " he said.

The Tiger-Lily's husband was glad to find someone to talk to who would take a more lenient view of his unpardonable clumsiness. The woman was glad to find someone else to vent her passionate irritation on.

" There were thirty amethysts in the chain," she kept on repeating, " and I've only found twenty-eight."

Narcissus was fortunate enough to find the twenty-ninth. But nobody could find the thirtieth. The Tiger-Lily was the first to give up the hunt. " I shall leave you to it," she said to her husband with vindictiveness, " and you must look till you *do* find it."

Narcissus and her husband were left searching on the rug. The man gave the dramatist one of his strange, appealing looks out of the grave, tired eyes.

" Heavens ! " thought Narcissus, " how she has made him suffer ! How she deserves to suffer, too ! "

Aloud he said to the man, " She is very beautiful."

The husband flushed, as if he had been praised himself.

" It was stupid of me to break her chain," he said hurriedly. He looked at Narcissus again. " It is her one passion, collecting jewels. I have given her most of them." He paused. " But I can't give her as many as I should like."

They continued their search. " A man," the husband added, " can do so little for a woman. She gives him everything. What can he give her ? "

Narcissus was too much amazed to answer him. After a while :

" You are tired," he said to the Tiger-Lily's husband. " Let me go on looking. I won't steal her amethyst from her," he continued smiling, " but if I have the good luck to find it, I'll bring it back to her."

The woman's husband shook hands with him. " I should be more than grateful," he said. He took out his card. " We have a suite on the next floor."

By dint of exhaustive searching Narcissus found the amethyst lodged in a crack of the floor. He determined to return it to the Tiger-Lily in person.

The next morning he went up in the lift to the suite of rooms which they occupied on the third floor. As it happened, the woman's husband was not at home.

" He has gone out," she said, " to see if he can buy another amethyst to match the set."

Narcissus held out the palm of his hand.

" There is no need for that," he said. " I found it."

She pounced at it as a cat pounces at a sparrow.

" Where did you find it ! " she cried. She looked as if she could have kissed him. Narcissus was man enough not to feel displeased. " It was such a particularly dark stone ; the deeper the colour, you know, the more valuable the amethyst. I have some more that I will show you." She went into the next room, and came back with a case of jewels in her hand. " Look ! " She poured them out upon the table.

" They would buy a dinner at the Cecil for the whole of London's poor," Narcissus said, observing her, " and they have only bought one piece of womanhood."

" My husband gave them to me," she said smiling. " You will make him bankrupt," said Narcissus.

A look of intense vexation crossed her face. " What, again ! Has he been talking to you ? " she exclaimed. " Sometimes he's so bad-tempered, I was afraid that there was something wrong. It would be too awful. What one goes through ! "

" What *he* goes through, and *for* what."

" *I* can't help it," said the Tiger-Lily, with complacence, " if he's so weak about me. I only admire things in shop-windows. I never ask outright for them, and then he goes and brings them home at once."

" Are all these jewels his ? "

" Not all," she answered, smiling contentedly.

" Other men's ? " Narcissus asked.

" Well, yes—and one man in particular." She sighed briefly. " It was very sad—he died."

" You mean he took his life ? " Narcissus asked.

" How do you know ? " she asked, with her eyes round.

" Because I know what women like you do to men," he answered, watching her. " You maddened him, took everything from him, and gave him nothing back, and ruined him. Then he shot himself."

" You must be very clever," she said with the foolish simplicity of a mindless child, " to know all that. I was very sorry about it. But men are so silly—they get desperate about me. And there's no reason."

" None, I agree," Narcissus said.

She looked angry for a moment.

" You're not serious," she said.

" On the contrary, I am. Men get desperate about you, trying to find something—anything—a soul, a heart, in you. They stake their last cent on discovering it. When they discover there is something so terrible on God's kind earth as a woman who can't feel, pity, or love, they lose their minds."

She stared at him with her mouth open. He realised that some animal instinct warned her that she ought to be offended.

" Tiger-Lily," said Narcissus gently, " there's something about you I should like to ask."

She knitted her brows in a frown at him. She was curious about him, flattered by his curiosity, vexed and completely baffled by him.

" Yes," she answered. " What ? "

" I told you just now," he said, " that you were incapable of love or pity. I am certain about the pity—I should like to be more sure about the love."

She shrugged her shoulders and turned down her lips.

" *Love !* " she repeated with a note of interrogative contempt.

" Your husband——" Narcissus began.

" Oh, my husband," she said ; " he gives me everything I want. He's very good to me."

" Thank you," Narcissus said, " for your definition of Love. You *love* a man for what you get from him."

" Oh, well," she answered, laughing, coquettishly.

Narcissus rose to go. She followed, like an animal.

(*Continued on page 38*)

A Clever Child Actress

Photograph *Winifred Prout*

LITTLE MARJORIE DANE

Who is now appearing in "Vice-Versa." She has previously acted in "Where Children Rule" at the Garrick Theatre

(Continued from page 36)

"But you'll come back," she said in her helpless voice; "you'll come back again."

"Yes, I'll come back," Narcissus said, "your mechanism interests me. It's really ludicrously simple, so much so that it seems intricate."

He began to go there very often; he was beginning to master the woman's mechanism. Sometimes the Tiger-Lily's husband was there—sometimes he was not. When he was there they talked of general subjects; when he was not, he talked of nothing to the woman but herself.

"I often wonder where you'll go to when you die," he said. "Heaven is a place for people who have used their brains and souls. Hell is a place for people who have not used, or misused, both. They couldn't send you to heaven—it wouldn't be fair to send you to hell, because you haven't used your brain and soul. You can't use what you haven't got. I used to believe in a dog's heaven. You might go there. Again, hardly, because dogs desire to have souls—you see it in their eyes. You don't. A soul's the one thing you have no use for, as Americans say. It's very puzzling."

Narcissus was the one man who had baffled the Tiger-Lily; he gave her the impression that he was completely callous to her. His indifference stung her. She said as much to him.

"Some day you may thank me," he replied.

"Why should I thank you, or any man, for anything you like to do for me?" she said with a vixenish note in her voice. I don't ask you to do it."

"Not particularly," he answered, "seeing that your whole Personality is a definition of the verb to ask, to beg. You live on other people, their money, their love, their lives, because you have nothing of your own at all. It's not your fault, I suppose. But it's curious that it never occurs to you to be ashamed to want to give them something back."

She rose and came towards him, trying to subdue him, with a kind of malevolent passion, to her way of thinking, or not thinking. But she could not speak—for a kind of rage, because she felt suddenly, before Narcissus, that she *was* ignorant.

"Don't paw me," said Narcissus; "I think you were going to stroke my head, or cuff it. I'm not sure which. I particularly dislike my head being touched."

"You're hurting me," she almost screamed. "You've no right to. I never *have* been hurt."

"Have I the good luck to hurt you?" he said eagerly. "I am always clever—but this is a stroke of genius. What does it feel like to feel pain for the first time in your life?"

Suddenly a kind of rage came over him, and he seized hold of her.

"You'd like me to kiss you," he said, looking close into her eyes, "and do you know what I should like to do? To prick you with a dagger."

"You would like to kiss me," she cried, tears of fury in her eyes, "but you're afraid of confessing it."

"*Tears!*" exclaimed Narcissus, examining them. "Are they, too, the first of their kind? What extraordinary good luck for me! What a stroke of inspiration! But take them back now. They are easy for you to make, so they will be as easy to take back. Tears are ugly, they inflame the eyes. I can't look; I cannot *bear* to look at anything unsightly."

He went away. During his absence he thought that he would let the Tiger-Lily fall in love with him, encourage her to do so. He had begun to make her sensible to pain. This was in itself a triumph. Suffering, he said to himself, is the seed of the soul. He had laid it himself—how proud he was. Now he would have the inexpressible satisfaction of nursing it through prolonged pain into actual existence. Besides, he had grown fond of the Tiger-Lily's husband; he was unhappy, and Narcissus wanted to do something for his sake, he wanted to awaken the capacity, not for taking, but for giving love in the man's wife. Besides that, his vampire woman play would be the rage of London.

The Tiger-Lily began to grow thinner—a new look, which was not languor, but a kind of fire, crept into her eyes. Narcissus lost no opportunity of her companionship. He seemed to court it, even to pursue her. With the look of gratification in her eyes, there came a curious approach to wistfulness.

"You are beginning to feel ignorant," he said to her. "What a blessed thing! The consciousness of ignorance is the beginning of all wisdom."

Then he would show her the letters he received, asking for autographs, asking for sittings at photographers; he would show her letters from other women, telling him that he was "simply too sweet to look at," and inviting him to lunch. She began to grow a little humble, and she was certainly much thinner than she was. Narcissus told her that it did not suit her. She was a type of splendid flesh, he said, and when she lost that, her personality became a cipher.

One day he went up to the Tiger-Lily's flat to tea. Her husband had gone out. She was alone. Narcissus brought out a letter.

"I have written you this," he said.

She tore the envelope open. Narcissus had composed a love-letter to her, couched in burning terms of adoration. Her whole face changed as she read it. Then she got up, and came towards him, holding it.

"You really wrote this, meaning it for *me!*" she said in a whisper, coming towards him.

They were standing by the fireplace. Narcissus snatched it from her suddenly, tore it into pieces, and flung them in the grate. Then he watched her carefully.

"Oh," she cried, kneeling down before the fire, her head bent before the bars; "you *couldn't* be so cruel!" and she raked among the ashes for the scraps.

"Don't be a fool," Narcissus said; "you'll make your fingers dirty."

Suddenly she gave a cry.

"My head, my hair! What is it? Quick!"

"Heavens!" cried Narcissus, "it's your combs!"

She began to scream horribly.

"My head's on fire. It's burning—burning. Oh, be quick!"

He was spell-bound with horror; he even wrung his hands.

Then he remembered to throw a rug over her head. He pressed it down over her head and face, and heard her cries and sobs stifled through the folds, while her hands fought madly at his wrists. His heart beat till he felt strangled himself, his legs trembled beneath him. At last he took the rug away, staring aghast at her, himself the embodiment of horror.

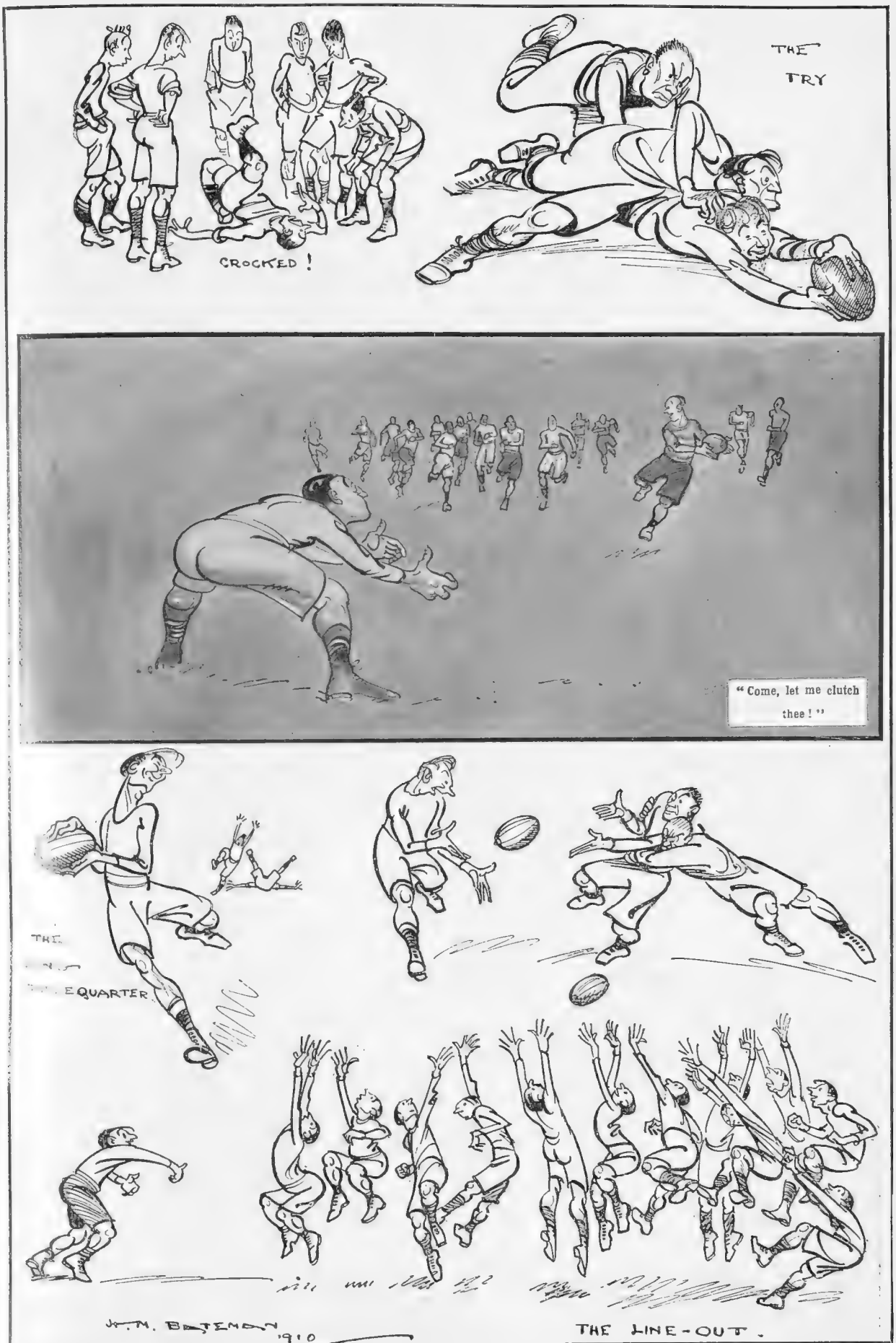
She put her hands up to her head.

"Oh—oh, it's coming off—it's coming off," she sobbed like a child. "Look there, look there!"

With indescribable dismay Narcissus saw her hold out

(Continued on page 40)

"Rugger"—the Gentle and Joyous Game



In the good old days, when the early English gentleman amused himself by riding about in an enclosure called "the Lists" in a tin suit on a large cart-horse, and trying to spit other gentlemen (similarly attired and mounted) on the end of a long skewer, "gentle and joyous" were the recognised epithets applied to the pastime. Our artist's sketches suggest that they are equally applicable to the modern and hardly less strenuous pastime universally known as "Rugger"

BY H. M. BATEMAN

(Continued from page 38)

her hands full of great bunches of the marvellous hair.

The door opened, and her husband came into the room. She ran towards him, screaming dreadfully.

"I am all *burnt*," she cried. "My beautiful, beautiful hair!"

. . . . . .

It was ten days before Narcissus could persuade himself to call upon the Tiger-Lily, to inquire for her in person. But he had sent her notes, expressing himself anxious for her recovery from the shock that she had had, to which she invariably replied that she was not sufficiently recovered to see anyone.

At last she wrote that she would "love to see him," if he would only come and *not expect too much*. The last half of the sentence was underlined.

Narcissus trembled when the drawing-room door opened, and he heard the Tiger-Lily's voice asking him to come in. He felt like a man who enters an operating theatre for the first time. A feeling of faintness and distaste stole over him. His voice was weak when he spoke. The blinds were drawn down in the room, and she sat with her back to the light. She rose, with a kind of tremor expressed in the action. She was wearing a large shady hat; he noticed how beautifully she was dressed, and that she wore more jewels than before.

"You are—better?" Narcissus said in a weak voice. "You are not changed?" he meant to say.

"Quite well," she said, but by her voice he knew that she was changed. Suddenly she burst out, "Why don't you look at me?"

"Look!" he repeated with a voice of fear. "I am looking." And he brought his eyes round slowly to her face. There was nothing altered there. "Your hair!" he exclaimed involuntarily.

"You have as much as ever, it has grown?"

She laughed mysteriously and bitterly.

"Tails," he said to himself. Aloud he went on:

"Your husband?"

"He is very good to me," she said.

"Still very good to you," answered Narcissus.

He scrutinised her closely.

"Why do you wear a hat when you are in?"

"Oh, because—because it's becoming," the Tiger-Lily said with flippancy.

The shade of her hat fascinated him. He could not remove his eyes from it.

"Take it off," he continued.

"I don't want to," she answered.

"Take it off," he repeated with growing insistency. He made a step towards her. Her eyes met his with the appeal of an animal for mercy. She began to remove the hat. "You are doing your hair differently," he went on. "It is all down over your eyes. It is vulgar, done that way. It spoils you. Put it back."

"No, no, I like it best this way," she said, retreating from him. He put his hand out and brushed it back from her brow.

"My God!" he said, "and some of it's on your cheek!" He took a few steps to the door.

"You said I was exquisite," she cried, "you did, you did! It's not so bad. Look at me once again."

"In—in a minute," he answered.

"Men loved me for my beauty," she cried. "Won't they ever love me for my face again?"

Narcissus was silent, standing with his back still turned to her. Then they both saw that the door was open, and that the Tiger-Lily's husband was standing there, looking at both of them.

She ran to him, putting out her arms.

"Won't anybody love me for my face?" she said. And neither of the men said anything.

Then the Tiger-Lily's husband bent and kissed her neck, while she threw her arms about him, sobbing like a little child.

"Wouldn't it do—if someone loved you for yourself?" he said.

. . . . . .

Then Narcissus shut the door and went very softly away.

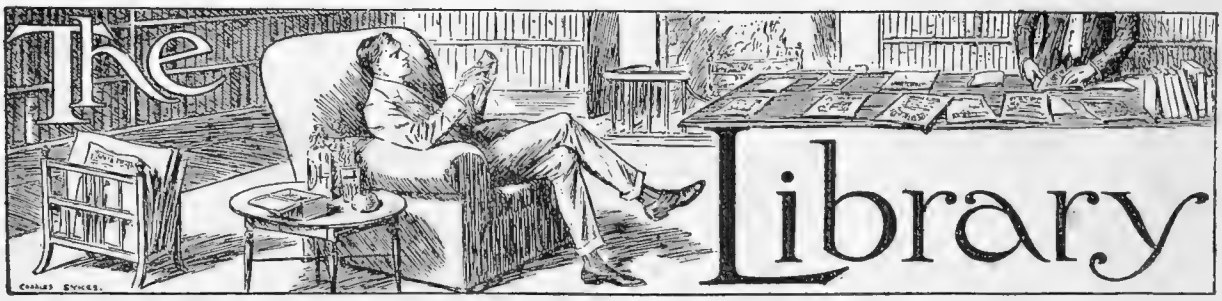
J. S. FLETCHER.

Through the Open Door: A Unique Photograph of a Winter's Scene taken from the Interior of a Barn in Berkshire

An Old Kashmir Garden

INTERIOR OF OLD MOGUL GARDEN AT ACHIBAL, KASHMIR

The Mogul Emperors of Delhi were in the habit of flying from the intense heat of the plains of Hindustan to the cool valley of Kashmir, where they built themselves numerous retreats, such as the Garden at Achibal. Flowing streams were utilised to give beauty and coolness to these gardens, and fountains played by the summer-houses. No doubt these gardens in those days were carefully kept, but nowadays few of them are really kept up, though some—such as the Shalimar—are kept in good order. This photograph shows the interior of the garden, with the summer-house, above the pool formed by the stream, and the remains of the ancient fountains. The grateful contrast of the deep shade to the brilliant sunlight is to some extent realised from this picture



Owing to the absence of Mr. Robert Ross in Germany, the Literary Log is suspended for the current issue.—Ed.

"The Valley of Achor"

Portia is aristocratic and philosophic, and Nancy is piquant and human, and the triumph of the humanly loving woman over reasoning connubial speculation is well shown in *The Valley of Achor*, by Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*). Portia's classic beauty, with her cold calculation and her impermeability to the true essence of Love, contrasts sharply with sunburned, freckled Nancy, who as a Tom-boy was a "chum" of the hero, and who in after life proved her devotion to him, the while she was eating her heart out because Nigel was infatuated with Portia. Nancy is a dear little woman, sporting in the true sense of the word. Portia is a chrysalised Suffragette, but with sufficient good breeding to prevent her outraging the laws of decent behaviour. Mrs. de Crespigny has turned out a really interesting book, with three conflicting love stories, which is the essence of romantic novels, and with lots of excellent incident. Her characters are living, especially that of Patterson, the servant and valet of the hero, whose excellent exaggerations of his master's adventures cause much trouble. Readers will see something of the treatment of a recent explorer in the credulity attached to the reports of Nigel Pitcairn. Altogether, this is a book to read, and author and publisher are to be thanked for providing it for the benefit of the reading public.

"The Awakening of Zoja"

This is a collection of four short stories by Miriam Michelson (Hodder and Stoughton: 5*s.*), and the title is that of the first section. Certainly the idea of a bandit being rescued from the gallows by a professor, who puts him into a Rip van Winkle sleep which lasts a hundred years, is not entirely unique, but the handling is novel, for the best part of the story concerns the actions of Zojas, the bandit, when he awakes. He becomes an Anarchist and Revolutionary of the first water. But, after all, is there much difference between a bandit and a modern reactionary? There are passages in the book which show some force, but on the whole it is not specially interesting.

"A Splendid Hazard"

The first thing which strikes one who picks up *A Splendid Hazard*, by Harold MacGrath (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*), is the excellence of the illustrations by Mr. Christy. That artist is well known to readers of the *Windsor Magazine*, and to all Americans as one of the most skilful exponents of black-and-white art in the New World, but in this book he has produced most dainty pictures in colour, which are superbly reproduced. This venture on the part of the publishers is highly to be commended. The story itself is a quaint mixture of detective fiction, with a secret service agent as the sleuth-hound, and love, with Fitzgerald, an American journalist, and the pretty daughter of an eccentric Yankee Admiral, as the chief actors. In these days of "spy-mania" the vagaries of Karl Breitmann, which form the basis of the detective's investigations, are quite modern. But the whole story goes rather with a halt, at least to the average English reader, for it is so annoyingly American in diction and spelling and in construction that one cannot help feeling that one is reading a translation. The jar which arises from coming across such atrocities as "theater," "vender," "color," and so forth does much to discount the pleasure of reading. Assuredly books intended for the English market should be written in the English language, even if the printer has to use a few more letters when setting up the type.

"The Book of the Dry Fly"

The angling works of Mr. G. A. B. Dewar are so well known both in this country and in America that any mention of *The Book of the Dry Fly* (A. and C. Black: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is almost superfluous, especially as this book is an up-to-date edition of the original volume. But there is a charm and freshness about Mr. Dewar's book which compel one to press its claims upon those who pursue the trout, and also upon those who have a genuine love of Nature. Mr. Dewar is a mighty fisherman, as the sporting world well knows, but he is more—he is a Naturalist of the first water. Old Isaac Walton's classic became such because that worthy wrote of the charms of fishing with the taste of a nature-lover, and his volume was not merely a piscatorial encyclopædia. Mr. Dewar is the twentieth-century Walton, and while he imparts information he does not lose sight of the fact that the natural history of fishing and of the fair lands and meads through which Piscator wends his way forms the true delight of the angler. From the point of view of the dry-fly fisher the book is indispensable, being the very last word on this difficult but fascinating art; to the uninitiated nature-lover *The Book of the Dry Fly* affords an afternoon's charming reading. Both the author and publisher are to be congratulated on this welcome addition to the literature of the rod and creel.

"The House Desolate"

A strange, yet interesting, little study is given us by A. M. I. Wordler in *The House Desolate* (John Ouseley: 6*s.*), which would be all the better if the Puritanical element were eliminated. It is a tale of an English girl whose brother has been banished from home. She goes abroad with her father, who is hard up. She meets a M. Lascelles at an obscure Breton village, and falls in love with her. Papa desires that she shall marry an ex-Lord Mayor, whom she hates. Lord Mayor *passé* owns a ranche, on which her banished brother is working under another name. Next to this suitor comes the eldest son of a neighbouring peer, who also has a banished son, later revealed as Lascelles, when all comes right. Well, that is enough indication of the whole story. Still, there are passages which are clever, and which show evidence of careful writing.

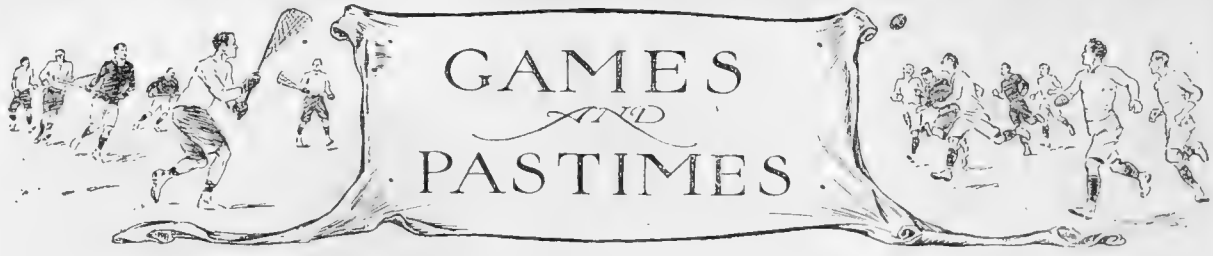
"Two Men and Gwenda"

Is a series of letters a good form in which to tell a story? This thought naturally arises when one reads *Two Men and Gwenda*, by Mabel Barnes Grandy (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*). These letters to a grand-aunt and guardian from a young girl who believes she has found the only man she loves, and who is deceived, in that he kills her love after a few months of married life, are infinitely pathetic, and show a certain knowledge of the impossibility of the dove mating with the eagle of the aristocracy. Beyond their pathos and the revelation of the heroine's character there is little in the book; indeed, one might say that beyond the purely conventional appearance of another man and another woman, there is no plot. Still, the volume serves to pass away an hour or so without too much exercise of thought. There might have been a story if the letters had been abandoned. The looker-on sees most of the game.

The Passing of a Great Lawn Tennis Player

THE LATE MR. R. F. DOHERTY

Mr. Doherty whose death at the age of thirty-six occurred on Thursday last at his home in Kensington, within a few hours of his return from Switzerland, whither he had gone in the hope, which proved to be vain, of restoring his failing health, was one of the world's greatest lawn tennis players. For ten years (1897-1906) during which he won the Singles Championship four times and the Doubles Championship with his younger brother eight times, the pair practically dominated the game. Our illustration shows him in a characteristic attitude at the finish of one of his inimitable backhand drives. An appreciation of him appears on page 44



ICE HOCKEY

Oxford v. Cambridge

The 'Varsity ice hockey match is one of the latest additions to the long list of sports and games in which Oxford and Cambridge meet in friendly rivalry, and it is also one of the most welcome, for ice hockey is a fine game, embodying the essential elements of skill, stamina, and pluck. I have seen it played at Prince's, though never in the open, and, from what I have seen there, I can testify to its fascinations, not only as a game to play, but as a game to look on at. The 'Varsity match, played at Muerren on the 22nd of last month, resulted in Oxford repeating their previous year's victory, but only after a desperate struggle. The conditions, both overhead and underfoot, were about as good as could possibly be wished for, and the play, besides being fast and clever, fluctuated most excitingly throughout. Oxford led off promisingly with three goals, scored by D. E. Saunders (2) and Coxhead, but before half-time came G. S. Walsh and Lord Carbery each put on one for Cambridge. The second half was grimly fought up to within three minutes of time, when Cambridge equalised, and, with the scores still level at 3 all when time was called, an extra ten minutes was played in accordance with the rules. During this period Oxford regained the superiority they had shown at the start; Saunders and Coxhead again got home, and so Oxford won by 5 goals to 3.

Photograph] **The 'Varsity Ice Hockey Match: A Group of the Two Teams** [*Ullyett*

At Muerren on December 22 the annual Ice Hockey Match between Oxford and Cambridge was played under favourable conditions. The match was won by Oxford after an extra ten minutes' play by 5 goals to 3

Back Row (*left to right*): E. N. Clifton (Trinity, Cambridge), J. C. Maxwell (Trinity, Cambridge), J. Lambert (Merton, Oxford), W. C. Jefferies (Trinity, Cambridge), M. E. Coxhead (Brasenose, Oxford), D. Murray (New College, Oxford), H. K. Lunn, (New College, Oxford), R. C. Maxwell (Trinity, Cambridge), M. F. Walsh (Peterhouse, Cambridge)

Front Row: Lord St. Leonards (Christchurch, Oxford), J. Pegg (Clare, Cambridge, Captain), P. Watson (Merton, Oxford, Captain), Lord Carbery (Trinity, Cambridge), D. E. Saunders (Trinity, Oxford)

LAWN TENNIS

The Late R. F. Doherty

In the small space at my disposal it is impossible for me to give even a brief history of the brilliant career of R. F. Doherty, whose death occurred last Thursday; nor is it even necessary for me to do so, for the name and fame of the two brothers of whom he was the elder, have penetrated to every place in the world where lawn tennis is played, and the record of the ten years from 1897 to 1906, during which they practically dominated the game, is known almost by heart by the legions of their imitators and admirers. Often have I listened to, and joined in, an argument as to whether "R. F." or "H. L." was the better man, my own inclination being towards the view that, in the true sense of the term, "R. F." was the finer player of the two. Indeed, had he only been blessed with a stronger constitution, I am convinced that he would have been the greatest player we have yet seen. As it is, there have been none greater, while in the matter of style his play was perfection itself. By the wonderful freedom of his movements, his accurate timing of the ball, and the powerful sweep of his racket, he was able to put more pace on his returns than many a player of thrice his muscular power. But his chief characteristic, and the one that stood him in greatest stead, was that he

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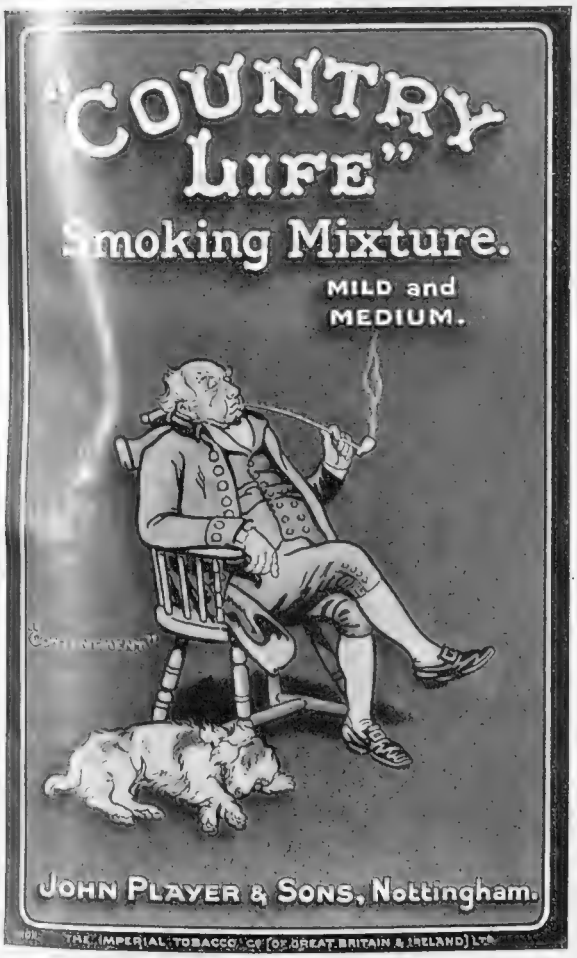

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never seemed flurried or hard pressed. As a matter of fact, he was not particularly quick on his feet, though by no means slow, but his "power of anticipation," as it is termed, *i.e.*, his ability to divine, by watching his opponent, what he was going to do before he actually did it, enabled him to deal in a fashion that looked positively leisurely with the most difficult balls. His game was the embodiment of coolness, and in it was mirrored faithfully the absolute serenity of his charming disposition. Nothing upset him (or if it did he never allowed it to be noticed), and whether in the hour of victory or of defeat he was always the same—urbane, courteous, and unruffled. From a personal acquaintance with him dating from his Cambridge days (1895-6) I can say without hesitation that his was one of the most engaging personalities I have ever encountered, and that the admirable example he gave of how to "play the game," not only literally but figuratively, has been of incalculable value to the moral tone of lawn tennis. H. S. S.

Officers of the Navy v. Fettesian-Lorettonians: Clever Footwork by the Navy

In this match, the first of the Fettesian-Lorettonians southern tour, at Queen's Club, last Thursday, the Navy team was in irresistible form and won by five goals and four tries to two tries

GOLF

The Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society's Match v. Professionals

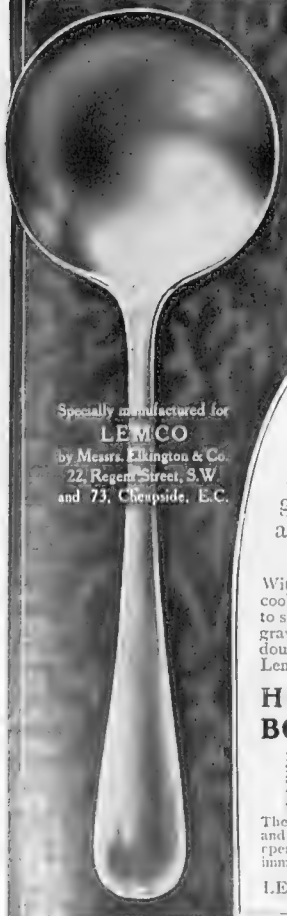
I referred in a recent article to the match between amateurs and professionals which is to take the place of the Professional International match at Sandwich this year. An attempt in this direction is, I believe, to be made by the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, who have a match of this kind on the tapis. I fancy the match is to consist of foursomes, but I trust that the rumour that it is to be played on handicap terms may prove unfounded. It is much better for the amateurs to go out and take their beating like men on level terms than to arm themselves with handicaps. The idea that the professional is unbeatable should not be encouraged, and the result of two matches at Ilkley, where two sound amateurs beat two leading professionals ought to encourage the amateurs to face their formidable adversaries on even terms. In that way alone will the amateurs derive real and lasting benefit from such encounters. For there is nothing so disheartening or so evil in the long run for the standard of first-class amateur play than matches between amateurs and professionals in which the former accept handicap odds from the latter. As well might the gentlemen in a Gentlemen *v.* Players cricket match accept a start of 100 runs, or any other handicap favourable to themselves. The matter has only to be stated in this way to show how wrong it would be that matches of this sort at golf should be on any other than a level basis.

To Catch the Golfer's Eye

A facsimile of the attractive poster announcing the inauguration of the new Golf Course on Mont Agel at Monte Carlo

Why the Match Should be on Level Terms

I see that Mr. Croome, one of the organising spirits of the match, defends the proposal that the Society's team should accept odds on the ground that the professionals will be their guests, and that it would be poor hospitality to provide them with an uninteresting match. Mr. Croome is such an incorrigible joker that it is difficult to know when to take him seriously. His meaning, if he is serious, can only be that he regards a level match between the Society and the professionals as a foregone conclusion, and, what is more, that the professionals would hardly consider it worth their while to play the match unless odds were given to the amateurs. This strikes me as a very poor-spirited way of looking at the matter, and one involving a poor compliment to the sportsmanship of the professionals. If that is the spirit in which the match is contemplated then it would be far better not to play it at all. I think the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society would better consult their dignity by either playing the match on level terms or by abandoning it. I am encouraged in this view of the case by the fact that Mr. Baerlein, the leading amateur racket-player, is not afraid to meet Williams, the professional racket champion, on level terms. That is the right spirit, whatever be the outcome, and I sincerely trust that our leading amateur golfers will be encouraged to follow Mr. Baerlein's admirable example when arranging matches against professional golfers. ERNEST LEHMANN.



Lemco BOUILLON SPOONS

Free to Users of Lemco

Users of Lemco always get the most highly concentrated form of prime beef which the world can provide, and an invaluable help in kitchen, sickroom, and nursery alike, but now they may also get free of cost these beautiful Lemco Bouillon Spoons, delightful reminders of the value of Lemco in making delicious soups and gravies.

Lemco Bouillon Spoons are specially made in Standard Silver Plate by Elkington & Co., 22, Regent Street, S.W., & 73, Cheapside, E.C., and are guaranteed to stand twenty years of ordinary wear. Such is their distinctiveness and quality that they will add elegance to the most refined tables in the land.

In Kitchen

With Lemco at hand the home cook can impart an appetising touch to scores of simple dishes, and make gravies, soups, stews, and hashes doubly delicious. For True Economy Lemco easily stands supreme.

In Sickroom

The absolute purity of Lemco (vouched for by scientific experts) is of the utmost value to invalids, and the entire absence of fat makes Lemco Bouillon acceptable and digestible even when beef tea disagrees.

In Nursery

A daily glass of Lemco and hot milk, especially during cold and inclement weather (⅛ to ¼ teaspoonful of Lemco to ½ pint of hot milk), often works wonders with ailing, delicate children—the children enjoy it, too.

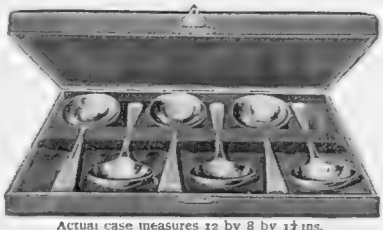
HOW TO GET LEMCO BOUILLON SPOONS FREE

1 spoon for coupons from 16 ozs. Lemco and					1d.
2 spoons	"	"	2 lbs.	"	2d.
3 "	"	"	3 "	"	3d.
4 "	"	"	4 "	"	3d.
5 "	"	"	5 "	"	3d.

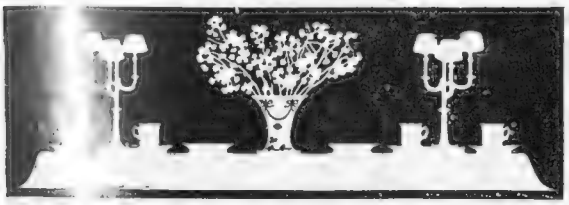
To cover packing and postage

The Set of Six Spoons for coupons representing 6 lbs. Lemco, and 4d. in stamps to cover packing and postage. This offer is open till Oct. 31, 1911. Lemco Weight Coupons will be found immediately under the capsule of each jar.

LEMCO, 4, LLOYD'S AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.



Actual case measures 12 by 8 by 1¼ ins.



A simple supper

promotes tranquil sleep.

The heavy supper disturbs the digestion and prevents what should be a sweet natural sleep. Choose something light, dainty, and sustaining, that tones and nourishes the system while it soothes the nerves.

The 'Allenburys' Diet fulfils these conditions and is quickly made by adding boiling water. It is a partially predigested food made from rich milk and whole wheat—the vital food elements, and forms a delicious supper repast.

A Large Sample sent on receipt of 3d. stamps to cover postage.

Made in a Minute—add boiling water only

In Tins, 1/6 & 3/- of Chemists

The Allenburys DIET

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., 37, Lombard St., London.

Established 1899. *Telephone: 7329 Gerrard.*

GREAT ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE

OF THE FINEST

PARIS MODEL GOWNS and FURS

DURING JANUARY, 1911

REGARDLESS OF COST!

An opportunity for new and our numerous old patrons to purchase some extraordinary bargains, since, in our endeavour to effect a thorough radical clearance, we have decided not to take any regard to cost prices, be our losses ever so great.

Day and Evening Gowns, Opera Cloaks, Costumes, Fur Coats, and Sets in all varieties.

COMPLETE OUTFITS FOR THE RIVIERA, EGYPT, AND THE COLONIES.

Trousseaux a Speciality.

Alterations to fit, free of charge, during January.

Kate Newton

151, 153, 155, GT. PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.

(Five minutes' walk from Oxford Circus).

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE

THE PROSPECT FOR CORONATION YEAR

Why St. Nat Is Not in the Derby

Opinions vary as to which is the best of our three-year-olds—recollect, all thoroughbreds became a year older on New Year's Day—and many good judges claim that distinction for St. Nat. Like Seaforth, he is not eligible to take part in the Derby, having been taken out of that race last March. Why was such a good colt struck out? That question has often been asked, yet there is really no mystery about it. I give you the brief facts from an authoritative source, and it is the first time they have been so given to the public: "St. Nat was galloped last March, finished the last one in five, and consequently further fees were not paid for him for the Derby. Of course, to-day the other four with whom he was tried could not extend him. He was tried again in April, and won easily." There you have the circumstances in a nutshell. Mr. S. B. Joel, the owner of the colt, philosophically regards the unfortunate situation as "one of the ironies of racing." It is irksome to have a Derby horse in your stable and know that he has been deprived of the chance of adding his name to those of the Turf's greatest performers.

King George's Prospects

Much is expected of racing in the Coronation year, and one sincerely trusts that results will not fall below expectations. At any rate, it will be delightful to see the Royal colours on the racecourse again. I am afraid King George will not have a very brilliant lot of horses with which to start his racing career. Nothing is known yet about the merits of his two-year-olds, but the only one of the older horses likely to win such races as His Majesty would wish to win is the Meadow Chat colt. This three-year-old is the pick of King George's string at Egerton House, Newmarket, and probably his trainer will endeavour to win a race at the Coronation Ascot with him.

Selections

Entries have been made this week for the spring handicaps, and next week the Grand National Steeplechase will close. No horse has been more talked about in connection with this all-important cross-country race than Rory O'Moore, who added to his successes at Hurst Park last week. Mr. Percy Whitaker has certainly got this fine jumper to the top of his form just now, and we await his meeting with Cackler and Jerry M. with great interest. With regard to the present week's racing, **Okoro** may win the Purley Steeplechase at Gatwick on Wednesday, and **Eaton Lad** the Maiden Hurdle Race on the following day. At Haydock Park on Friday **Gaiety** is my selection for the Ashton Hurdle Race, and **Fredith** for the Earlstown Hurdle Race on Saturday.

HAMPTONS Great Furnishing SALE

THIS DAY and until 28th inst. *The following are a few typical examples of the unequalled values.*

CHINTZES, CURTAINS.

For Illustrations of the four following items see pp. 46 and 48 of Sale Catalogue.

K1 1,850 yds. 31 in. Glazed Chintz, usual per yd. 1/2½; *Clearing at* **4¾d.**

K2 2,800 yds. 31 in. Glazed Chintz, usual per yd. 1/4½; *Clearing at* **6¾d.**

K3 2,300 yds. 31 in. Best Quality English Glazed Chintz, usual per yd., 1/6½; *Clearing at* **8¾d.**

K37 45 pairs Antique Canvas Curtains, with Empire applique border, 4 ft. by 10 ft., usual per pair, 29/6; *Clearing at* **16/9**

TABLE DAMASK.

No. 6. **Real Irish Hand Woven Double Damask Cloths,** from our factories at Lisburn, near Belfast. A good heavy make in two sizes only. A big reduction in price to clear. *For Illustration see page 57 of Sale Catalogue.*

	Usual price s. d.	Clearing at s. d.	
2 yds. by 2 yds.	16 9	**10 9**	each
2 ,, by 2½ ,, ...	22 9	**13 9**	,,

In addition to the stocks specified in their Sale Catalogue, Hamptons are selling £1,500 worth of good reliable quality

WEAVERS' DAMAGES AT HALF FACTORY COST PRICE.

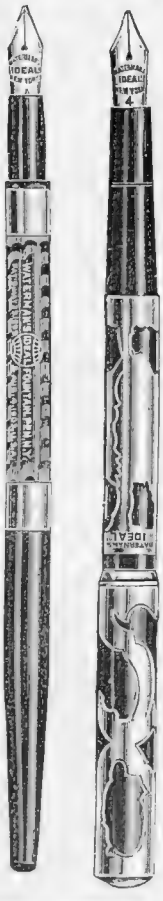
Many of these are odd sizes and must be viewed for the wonderful value to be realised.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR HAMPTON'S SALE CATALOGUE

entitled "*The Fascination of Supreme Value.*" Throughout the 68 pages of this book the actual reductions on thousands of items are shown, hundreds of the bargains being photographically illustrated either in colour or in black. The book is sent free. A request by postcard or Telephone—Gerrard 30—will secure you a copy by next post.

Pall Mall East, London, S.W.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

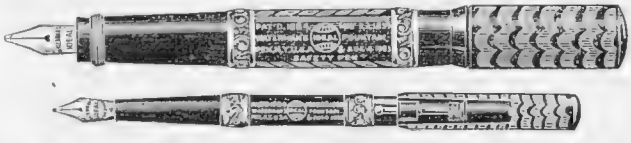


Don't endure pen worries any longer. Get a Waterman's Ideal and make pen-work a pleasure. Choose any of the styles shown here—you can't go wrong on a Waterman's Ideal. Nibs to suit all hands. Every pen guaranteed perfect.

"Eleven years ago HAROLD BEGBIE gave me the Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen with which I am writing this. I calculate that I have written between 15 and 20 millions of words with this same nib, and it is still as good as ever." E. K. ROBINSON.

PRICES: 10/6, 15/-, 17/6, 21/-, 25/-, 35/-, and upwards. In Silver and Gold for Presentation. Of Stationers, Jewellers, etc. List free from L. & C. HARDTMUTH, Ltd., Koh-i-noor House, Kingsway, London. (New York: 173, Broadway; Paris: 6, Rue de Hanovre: Brussels: 14, Rue Pont Neuf; Dresden: Pragerstrasse 6; Milan: Via Bossi 4; Vienna: 1 Franzensring 20.)

Ask your Stationer to show you also Waterman's Ideal Safety Pens and Pump-filling Pens at 12/6 and upwards, as illustrated at the foot of this advertisement.



A New Year's Suggestion

To the Publisher,
"The Graphic,"
Tallis Street,
London, E.C.

Please send "The Graphic" to the following address every week for twelve months from date, including the Xmas and Special Summer Numbers.

I enclose £1 10s.

To the Publisher,
"The Bystander,"
Tallis Street,
London, E.C.

Please send "The Bystander" to the following address every week for twelve months from date.

I enclose £1 8s. 2d.

"HARLENE HAIR DRILL"

GREAT CORONATION OFFER.

£500 PRIZE COMPETITION.

A Unique Opportunity by which Every Man and Woman may quickly secure a "Crown" of Luxuriant Hair in abundant masses however scarce or poor its present condition.

This is the great Coronation offer made by the world-famous hair specialist, Mr. Edwards, of "Harlene Hair-Drill" fame.

No matter what the present condition of your hair may be, no matter how thin or weak, or how worried you may be with scalp trouble, such as scurf, dandruff, greasiness, etc., this promise of a crown is made to you, and all without obligation.

Every person who desires to acquire the personal crown has only to fill in and forward as directed the free gift coupon below to receive in return a full supply of the necessary preparations for the cultivation of hair growth. Not only will a supply of "Harlene" be sent, but also a box of the delightful shampoo powder, "Cremex," for the cleansing of the head. There will also be sent an interesting manual of instructions on the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method.

This is the Coronation Year Gift made by the proprietor of the world-famous specific "Harlene," and the inventor of "Harlene Hair-Drill." Is it not more than sufficient to induce you to begin at once to cultivate a new growth of hair by securing the necessary preparations now offered gratis?

There is certainly need for improvement in the hair in nine cases out of every ten, and yet this essential feature of attractive masculine appearance and womanly beauty is generally the most neglected.

One has only to examine the tell-tale brush or comb to realise that hair trouble has set in. Those few hairs in the teeth of the comb and in the meshes of the brush proves conclusively that the hair is beginning to thin and needs immediate attention.

Neglect now may for ever rob you of your opportunity of possessing a crown of rich, free-growing healthy hair.

The "Harlene Hair-Drill" method will and does grow hair. Not only does it grow hair on those places from whence it has fallen, but it strengthens the remaining hair, and by systematic application will turn dull, fading locks to their natural fresh, full-coloured condition.

Your hair now may be extremely thin; it may be lifeless or quite impoverished; you may have such troubles as scurf, dandruff, and stand in dread of approaching baldness. If this is so, you will find in "Harlene" the means of re-growing strong, healthy, vigorous hair—the means of gaining a crown of which age will not rob you.

The gifts that the inventor of Harlene Hair-Drill makes in order to assist you to secure your crown are:—

1. A special supply of the world-famous hair-grower and scalp tonic, "Harlene," the preparation that does actually grow hair in splendidly abundant masses.
2. A supply of "Cremex," a delightful shampoo powder, the use of which clears the hair of all loose scurfy matter, dandruff, dust, dirt, etc., and prepares the scalp for the practice of Harlene Hair-Drill.
3. An interesting book which tells you just what to do in order to grow strong, healthy hair. This book is of the utmost interest, for no matter what your particular hair trouble may be, the method of ridding yourself of the same is clearly indicated.

It is sufficient, in order to secure this gift, to fill in the coupon given below and to post to the address indicated. With each application must be enclosed three penny stamps to cover the actual cost of postage on the parcel.

For the convenience of readers, it may be mentioned that further supplies of "Harlene" are obtainable of all chemists and stores in bottles at 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.*, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, in boxes of six, at 1*s.* per box, or direct from the proprietor on receipt of P.O.

£500 PRIZE COMPETITION COUPON.

"BYSTANDER." January 4, 1911.

To Messrs. EDWARDS' HARLENE Co.,
95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Having read your article, I would like to accept your offer to send me a Free Outfit for "Hair-Drill," including a bottle of "Harlene," a packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, and a copy of your "Hair Drill" Instruction Book on the care and culture of the Hair. I enclose 3*d.* in stamps to cover the cost of postage on package to my address in any part of the world.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

In addition to this remarkable gift offer, Mr. Edwards, to further stimulate pride in what has already been recognised as the great trait of English Beauty—a fine head of hair has decided to inaugurate a

£500 PRIZE COMPETITION

Every user of "Harlene" is eligible. The competition is of the most simple nature, and one in which every person—man, woman, or child—can easily enter.

1st Grand Prize, £50 in Cash, to the lady who is judged to have the finest head of hair.

1st Grand Prize, £50 in Cash, to the gentleman who is judged to have the finest head of hair.

1st Grand Prize, £25 in Cash, to the little girl not exceeding the age of ten years, who is judged to have the best head of hair.

1st Grand Prize, £25 in Cash, to the boy, not exceeding the age of ten years, who is considered to have the best head of hair.

THE SIMPLE CONDITIONS OF ENTRY.

1st.—If you are not already a user of "Harlene," you should at once send for the triple gift of "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit, which will be sent you free of cost.

2nd.—Each person entering the Competition must send to Mr. Edwards a photograph, in which a good view of the hair is clearly given. This photograph will be judged by a Committee of Experts.

3rd.—It is necessary that each competitor shall be a user of "Harlene," and therefore shall send a wrapper from any bottle of "Harlene" which has been used by the competitor—a 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, or 4*s.* 6*d.* bottle. Wrappers from the Sample Outfit will not be accepted.

4th.—It is an absolute condition of entry that the decision of the Committee is taken as final, from which there is no appeal.

5th.—All photographs must reach Edwards' not later than June 23, 1911, the day before the Coronation, and must bear the name and address of the sender, together with any particulars that may assist the judging committee in arriving at a decision, written distinctly on the back of the photograph. Photographs may be sent any time from now, but in any case not later than June 23, 1911.

6th.—This Competition is open to the Colonies as well as those in the British Isles.

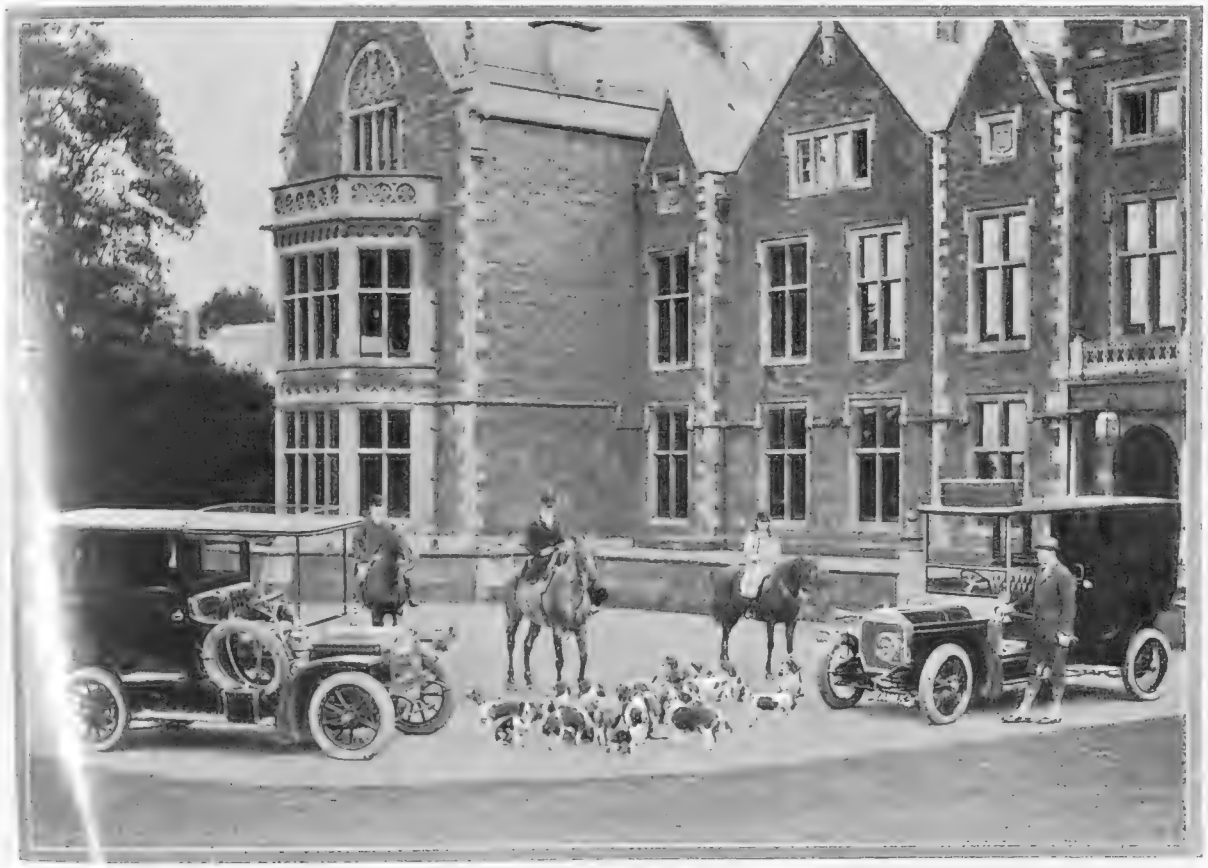
7th.—No responsibility for the delay or return of photographs can be recognised.

The announcement of the result will be published in the *Daily Mail* of July 13th, and the distribution of prizes will take place on that date.

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

The De Forest Contest

Fool talk concerning the Baron de Forest competition which represents it as devil-ridden, is, at any rate, less unpardonable than such talk usually is. Accident upon accident, culminating in depressing fatality, has punctuated its progress. Loraine's biplane and Gresswell's Bristol-Farman were wrecked by a gale ; Grahame White on a Bristol biplane turned turtle and came down heavily, cutting himself rather badly and smashing his machine ; another of the same make presented by Sir George White was reported consumed by fire on Christmas Day, and in conjunction with his fall effectually destroyed any hope its owner may have entertained of taking part in the competition even at the eleventh hour ; while Cecil Grace, who



The Hunt and the Car

An example of the utility of the car as an accessory to horse sport. Captain Burns-Hartopp's Napiers at a meet of the Dalby Basset Hounds

occupied very much the same position in our regard that the Hon. C. S. Rolls held, started out on his Short-Wright biplane from the hangar that was once Rolls's, and was lost for ever in the fog. And they are only a few of the mishaps. If the remaining competitors, therefore, packed up their machines and left victory to plucky Sopwith (who flew without tugs or other attendance from Eastchurch to Beaumont, in Belgium, a matter of 160 miles, on a Howard-Wright biplane with a 60 h.-p. E.N.V. engine), who could blame ? There is less heroism than stupidity in defying a fate that seems to cry "Thus far" with so emphatic a voice.

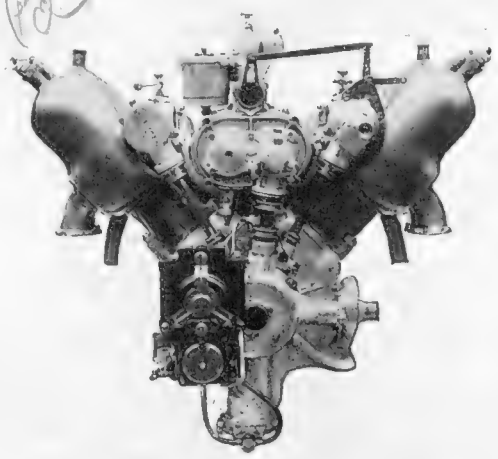
Some Moralising

But it is weather-ridden, we are, not devil-ridden. There is nothing either weird or supernatural about the accidents. They simply mean that, vast as the strides are which have been made in little more than a year toward the conquest of the spirit of the air, that spirit is still enjoying its sovereignty, and sometimes signifies the same in the usual manner. What we have to do is to recognise our present limitations and only get outside of them with profound caution. That does not mean sitting still and waiting. It *does* mean that our machines are immature, and frail, and of uncertain potentiality, capable only of functioning under fairly favourable conditions. We can get all the experiences we want out of those fairly favourable conditions to stimulate development. Certainly we must take risks if only to prove our improvements ; and this is only a suggestion that there is no special need for the multiplication of risks. We can applaud Mr. Sopwith and his cavalier disregard of the customary precautions of a flight over sea ; but if his engine had failed or any other unhappy happening had sent him to his end, we could only have recognised that here was a known contingency unprovided against, and wept for the career of splendid promise cut at its birth by recklessness.

On the Lessons of Experience

That's all it amounts to. If we take every precaution that experience has demonstrated to be necessary, or even desirable, and build on that, then we have done our part. Experience has said that, with our present apparatus, December and other furious weather months are more likely to bring us to catastrophe than to victory. If we flout that judgment we go out (if unhappily we *do* go out) with the

knowledge that our experience cannot be communicated to those whom it would benefit, because we are removed from the sphere of human translation. And that is a sorry reflection for any man. Yes, I have Scots blood and am cautious. But that caution has not killed enterprise in the Scot, nor quashed daring, nor placed him second among the people of the earth! What we want, to secure the ultimate result, is the reason and caution of the cold North and the imagination and daring of the hot South—in the proportion of two to one. We never get it in correct doses, I am afraid; and we have knelt at many a brave man's bier because of that, and only so. Caution may mean getting there second, but that is better than getting there dead.



A New All-British, 4-cylinder, water-cooled, 2-cycle Aero Engine

An important contribution to the problem of a powerful light-weight power plant for flying purposes. Invented by Mr. G. F. Mort, of the New Engine Co., it develops 50 B.H.P., and weighs only 150lbs. The performance of Mr. Alec Ogilvie in the Michelin Cup contest is a sufficient indication of its efficiency

Aerial Records

Sopwith, at the moment of writing and with a few hours yet to go, looks like taking the De Forest £4,000; but Cody, with his own biplane, by flying 114¾ miles in 2hr. 45min., beat Sopwith in the Michelin contest for the longest all-British flight of an all-British machine, only to be himself beaten by Ogilvie, on a Short-Wright biplane, fitted with the new two-cycle N.E.C. water-cooled engine—130 miles in five minutes short of four hours. That contest also closes on the same date, so that there is still a chance for Sopwith or another to win. For the Michelin French Cup, Legagneux, with a 100 h.-p. Bleriot monoplane, has beaten Tabuteau's 290 miles by thirty-two, making an average of 53 m.p.h. for the distance. This, after his 10,746ft. altitude flight, sets a seal upon Legagneux as an air navigator and once again upon the Bleriot as the machine of the year. Which by no manner of means destroys my faith in Farman or the biplane. But that is another story. As it is, it falls to the credit of a Farman machine that the longest cross-country passenger flight was made on the 21st ult., when Lieut. Cammerman and Captain Nugoni covered 145 miles in a circular four-hour trip from Chalons to Montigny-sur-Aube and back.

HOBSON-POGNON PLUGS.—Their longevity is phenomenal. A user writes: "The plugs are fitted to a car which has run about 25,000 miles." Fit them to your car. BOUGIE-POGNON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

P. G. R., THE POPULAR MOTOR SPIRIT OF THE SEASON. Suits any make of car and is obtainable at all leading garages.—Write for nearest depôt and particulars to PETROLES DE GROSNYI (RUSSIE), 101, Leadenhall St., E.C., or 94, Market St., Manchester.

Short-Sighted Old Lady: "There, I hope you won't spend it on drink"

The Bystander, January 4, 1911

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 370.—Vol. XXIX. Wednesday, January 4, 1911 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS — HAMPTON & SONS — AUCTIONEERS — 37 GERRARD VALUERS

ILLUSTRATED LIST OF COUNTRY ESTATES, RESIDENCES, AND SPORTINGS FOR SALE AND TO BE LET.

Published in three parts, post free, three stamps each, viz.:—

(1) LANDED ESTATES. (2) UNFURNISHED HOUSES FOR SALE OR LETTING. (3) FURNISHED HOUSES AND SHOOTINGS.

REAL OLD-WORLD RESIDENCE.

Carrying a quantity of old oak.

40 MINUTES BY MAIN LINE TRAINS.—To LET, Unfurnished, this charming RESIDENCE, facing south, and approached by a long drive. Outer and inner halls, oak-beamed drawing room 24ft. by 15ft., oak-beamed dining room 24ft. by 15ft. with old chimney corner fireplace, library, 8 bedrooms, fitted bathroom, servants' hall, etc. Ample stabling, garage. Cottage. Company's water.

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED GROUNDS

of great natural beauty; tennis and croquet lawns, a wonderful rose garden, pergolas, shady walk, kitchen garden, orchard, and paddocks, in all

ABOUT 21 ACRES.

The whole place is in beautiful order, and is highly recommended by the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ONLY £3,250 FOR QUICK SALE

A SUPERB POSITION.

Unequalled views extending to the Sussex Downs.

SURREY, NEAR MERSTHAM.—Over 3 acres. This particularly attractive HOUSE, built for the owner's occupation regardless of expense, is situated in one of the most delightful spots on the beautiful Surrey Hills.

The approach is by long winding carriage drive, and the accommodation includes *spacious hall, capital dining and drawing rooms (the latter having lounge 38ft. long), complete offices with servants' hall, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, linen and excellent boxrooms.* Stabling of 2 stalls, loose box, coach-house.

MOTOR-HOUSE WITH PIT.

The fine old pleasure grounds are beautifully timbered and well laid out, terrace walks, Dutch garden, rockery, excellent tennis lawn (200ft. by 50ft.), rose garden, kitchen and flower gardens, conservatory, in all over 3 acres.—Personally known to the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

EASY REACH OF RIVER AND GOLF.

BERKS, NEAR ASCOT.—About one mile from station, on high ground. Unfurnished, delightful old-fashioned, modernised RESIDENCE. Charming

OAK-PANELLED LOUNGE HALL,

with full-sized billiard table, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, complete offices, 8 bedrooms, bath and linen rooms. Excellent stabling for 8. Gardener's cottage. Well-timbered and displayed grounds, tennis and other lawns, 2 well-stocked kitchen gardens, ornamental lake of about 1½ acres, affording some capital trout fishing. Company's water and gas.

INSPECTED AND STRONGLY RECOMMENDED

by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ONLY £120 PER ANNUM,

and small premium.

HUNTING 4 DAYS A WEEK.

BICESTER HUNT (½ mile from station, on high ground).—Unfurnished, capital HOUSE, with fine views. Entrance and inner halls, smoking, drawing and dining rooms, billiard room, complete offices, including servants' hall, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.), etc. Stabling for 6, coach-house for 4, saddle room, etc. Nicely timbered pleasure grounds, comprising tennis and other lawns, shrubberies, kitchen garden, peach-house and meadowland, in all about

10½ ACRES.

—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

OLD MANOR HOUSE (recently restored).

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

NEAR SOUTH COAST AND DOWNS.—Quite in the country, yet within 2 miles of sea and a residential resort. Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.), housekeeper's rooms, etc. Good stabling.

OLD-WALLED GROUNDS,

with lawns, summer-house, orchard, kitchen garden, and small paddock, etc.

MODERATE RENT, OR FOR SALE.

—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

A GENUINE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE.
LEASE TO BE ASSIGNED OR THE FREEHOLD MIGHT BE SOLD.

30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.—The above beautiful old ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE, dated 1590, and containing some exceptionally fine old panelling. The accommodation includes very large lounge hall, with magnificently carved chimneypiece and wide open fireplace, 4 reception rooms (3 completely panelled), 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; electric light throughout; Company's water, telephone, and main drainage; old-world pleasure grounds with lawns, orchard, and meadows, in all about 10 acres.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (F 1,665)

A DELIGHTFUL WINTER HOUSE,
Facing South, and entirely sheltered from all North and East winds.

1¾ HOURS OF LONDON.—To be LET, Furnished, a modern RESIDENCE, OCCUPYING A DELIGHTFUL POSITION WITH UNINTERRUPTED VIEWS OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 16 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.; electric light and telephone; heated by hot-water radiators; Company's water; garage, and men's rooms; extremely beautiful pleasure grounds, richly timbered with a variety of ornamental trees and shrubs.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 1,728)

OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY HOUSE IN A PARK.
50 MINUTES FROM LONDON.
WITH OR WITHOUT THE HOME FARM AND SHOOTING.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, Unfurnished or partly Furnished, on Lease, a COUNTRY HOUSE, with most delightful old gardens and grounds.

The House contains a square hall, large drawing room, dining room, and billiard room, 16 bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom; ample stabling. It is situated in a beautifully timbered park of 200 acres, and the estate is unusually attractive, the woods provide excellent shooting, and there are 2 large lakes; the Estate will hold a good head of pheasants, also wild duck; lodge entrances, several cottages. Rent for House and Grounds, £350. Price for the House and 430 acres on application.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (3,796)

A GENUINE ELIZABETHAN HUNTING-BOX,
which has only been in the possession of two families since the reign of Henry VIII.

45 MINUTES OF TOWN.—To be SOLD, or might be LET, Furnished, or Unfurnished, a delightful old RESIDENCE, built of red brick, standing on gravel soil, well away from all motor noise and dust.

Oak-panelled lounge hall,
3 reception rooms,
2 bathrooms;
acetylene gas;
stabling for 7;
billiard,
21 bed and dressing rooms,
servants' hall and housekeeper's room;
modern drainage;
coach-house and garage.

Beautiful old-world gardens, tennis and croquet lawns, rose pergola, walled kitchen garden and meadow-land, in all
70 ACRES.
—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (3,806)

COMMANDING SPLENDID VIEWS OVER THE WEALD OF KENT.

TO BE SOLD, this picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE, occupying a high and healthy position, OVER 600FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

Part of the House dates back to 1600, is built of very thick walls, and stands in a WELL-TIMBERED PARK of 90 ACRES, FACING SOUTH. Accommodation: lounge hall, billiard, 3 reception, 17 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; Company's water; HOT-WATER RADIATORS.

STABLING FOR 9. COTTAGE. FARMERY. LOVELY OLD PLEASURE GROUNDS.

2 tennis courts, walled kitchen garden, extensive wood, and meadow-land, in all about 150 acres. Would be divided. — Full particulars of the Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,689)

HERTS (1 hour of London).—To be SOLD, a FREEHOLD PROPERTY of 21 ACRES, admirably adapted for a STUD FARM. There is a well-built Cottage Residence, fitted with modern conveniences and beautifully decorated, and containing 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 10; garage; small garden and meadowland.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,887)

IN A FAVOURITE PART OF SURREY.
OCCUPYING A DELIGHTFUL SITUATION, 400FT. HIGH, ON SAND SOIL.

TO BE SOLD, the above fine old COUNTRY HOUSE, part of which is very ancient. It stands in grounds and small park of 36 acres, perfectly secluded, and contains: fine oak-panelled hall, dining room also panelled in oak, 3 other reception rooms, wide covered verandah commanding lovely views, 15 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 4, 2 coach-houses, garage, etc. The pleasure grounds are in first-rate order. There are old lawns, Italian garden, terrace, and loggia, etc.; the remainder is all pasture-land with model farmery, etc.; Company's water; sand soil.—Illustrated particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (4,694)

UNDER 1 HOUR NORTH OF LONDON.
STATION ½ MILE. GOLF COURSE 1 MILE.

TO BE SOLD, Freehold, the above charming old-world RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of about 4 acres. Accommodation: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, and good offices; gas and water laid on; stabling for 3 horses; delightful pleasure gardens, conservatory, summer-house, kitchen garden, and paddock; gardener's cottage; coach-men's cottages. — Illustrated particulars, with plans, of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

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HARROW-ON-THE-HILL and RICKMANSWORTH district (accessible to 2 stations, whence London is reached in about 20 minutes).—To be SOLD, Freehold, at a low figure, a valuable RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, together with 11, 25, or 31 acres. It comprises the above attractive RESIDENCE, occupying a beautiful situation, essentially in the country; long carriage drive approach with lodge entrance: 4 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, and 2 bathrooms; stabling for 3; glorious views extending to the Surrey Hills and Windsor Forest are obtained from most of the principal apartments; Company's water; modern sanitation; telephone installed; inexpensive matured grounds with tennis lawn, orchard, and several enclosures of pasture-land; excellent golf links almost adjoining; coarse fishing in the neighbourhood.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,858)

OLD MANOR HOUSE (see view above) on Norfolk and Suffolk Borders, near coast and golf links, with 3 acres of beautiful grounds, walled kitchen garden, lawns, and paddock: 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, billiard room, 3 reception rooms; stabling for 3, motor-house, and outbuildings; 2 miles from station. PRICE, £1,700 ONLY.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,794)

CHARMING AND VALUABLE

RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

OF

72 ACRES

FOR SALE ON REDUCED TERMS.

Midway between

BRIGHTON AND LONDON.

MEDIUM-SIZED

COUNTRY HOUSE (see view above).

MAGNIFICENTLY-TIMBERED PARK.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS.

LOVELY EXPANSE OF LAWNS.

Walled kitchen garden with glasshouses.

ORNAMENTAL WATER, AND BEAUTIFUL WOOD OF 9 ACRES.

Stabling. Farmery. Entrance Lodge.

Two Cottages.

Near Two Golf Links. Excellent Hunting.

Two miles from a town and station.

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MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

CHICHESTER AND GOODWOOD DISTRICT, and only about 4 miles from the sea.—To be SOLD, a charming and valuable small FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising a well-arranged Residence (see view above), on gravel soil: panelled lounge hall, large reception rooms opening to verandah, about 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, housekeeper's room, etc.; exceptionally good stabling for 8, groom's rooms and coachman's cottage; well water raised by oil engine; sanitary arrangements believed to be perfect; heavily timbered grounds, inexpensive of maintenance, walled kitchen garden and meadow-land, about 8 acres in all, with additional land adjoining available if required; hunting with 2 packs, and near golf links.—Strongly recommended by WALTON LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,676)

SUFFOLK (near SOUTHWOLD, a few minutes from the sea).—£2,700 will PURCHASE the above capital COUNTRY HOUSE and 4 ACRES, with stabling for 4 horses, well-timbered grounds, large kitchen garden and paddock: 9 bedrooms, bathrooms (h. and c.), 3 good reception rooms; well away from road, carriage drive; close to golf links and yacht anchorage; gravel soil; ½ mile from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,768)

BICESTER HUNT (centre of).

JUST OVER ONE HOUR FROM TOWN.

TO BE SOLD AT A MODERATE PRICE, or LET, an old-fashioned stone-built MANOR HOUSE, containing: BILLIARD and 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, large hall, and offices; stabling, coach or motor-house; good garden, tennis and croquet courts, ornamental lake, in all about 3 ACRES; gravel soil; good water supply and modern drainage; the premises have recently been redecorated.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,592)

HANTS AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—£2,100 will PURCHASE an exceptionally attractive, well-built, old-fashioned HOUSE (see view above), in a favourite district, 500ft. above sea, amidst delightful scenery between Liss and Petersfield: 8 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, large conservatory; stabling for 3; beautifully timbered secluded grounds, full-sized tennis lawn, and well-stocked kitchen garden; water laid on; heated by radiators; about a mile from station. — Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,681)

SURREY and SUSSEX BORDERS (near Holmwood).—For SALE at a reduced price, a picturesque COUNTRY HOUSE on 2 floors, beautifully situated 300ft. above sea, with stabling, model farmery, beautiful grounds, 2 fruit and vegetable gardens, glasshouses, cottages, and undulating, nicely timbered meadows: 8 bedrooms, dressing room with bath, 2 other bathrooms, large and handsome reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, lounge hall, conservatory, and good offices; electric light; Company's water.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,817)

DORKING (1½ miles from), with lovely views of Boxhill.—To be LET, Unfurnished or Furnished, exceptionally charming ELIZABETHAN HOUSE and 18 acres: 13 bed and dressing rooms, 4 reception rooms; stabling for 4, motor garage, cottage; beautifully laid-out grounds, tennis courts, croquet lawn, kitchen garden, conservatory, well-stocked orchard; modern drainage; gas and water laid on.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,063)

AMONGST THE PINES AND HEATHER.

ON SURREY AND HANTS BORDERS, between Farnham and Hindhead.—To be SOLD, or LET Unfurnished, picturesque RESIDENCE, on the South slope of a hill; carriage drive approach, well away from motor traffic: 9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms; motor garage and man's rooms: 3 acres of charming grounds, terraces, rockery, and ornamental pine plantation; Company's water, modern drainage. Additional land up to 10 acres can be had. 2 miles from golf. Moderate terms.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,010)

ON THE COTSWOLDS (800ft. above sea; 4 miles from a good town, 12 from Cheltenham).—The above typical old ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE and 19½ acres for SALE, with large cottage of 7 rooms, old, walled, well-stocked gardens, tennis and croquet lawns, paddock and pasture-land, stabling and coach-house: 8 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, old oak staircase. Price, with 3 acres, £2,200, or with the whole of the land, including extra 5 cottages, with good gardens, £3,400.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,831)

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A PERFECT LITTE PROPERTY.

G.C.R. (35 minutes from London). — To be SOLD, the above UNIQUE PROPERTY in a most convenient position, standing in LOVELY WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS.

Combining the beauties of the old with the conveniences of the new.

Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom and excellent offices.—Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BUCKS (Amersham Common; 500ft. above the sea level).—To be SOLD, the above exceptionally well-built artistically designed RESIDENCE in a magnificent position, COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS, CLOSE TO GOLF LINKS. Lounge hall, 2 reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. EXCEPTIONALLY PRETTY GROUNDS OF 1 ACRE. PRICE ONLY £1,500. — Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ASHDOWN FOREST DISTRICT.

400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL (well protected from the North and East; sandstone subsoil; extremely warm and dry situation; wonderful views).—The HOUSE (see view above) contains: 4 RECEPTION ROOMS, BILLIARD ROOM, 13 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, 2 bathrooms, and really good domestic accommodation; there is a cottage in grounds for gardener; good stabling, also garage for 2 cars.

THE GROUNDS, WITH PARK-LIKE PADDOCKS AND ENCLOSURES, ARE PRACTICALLY PERFECT.

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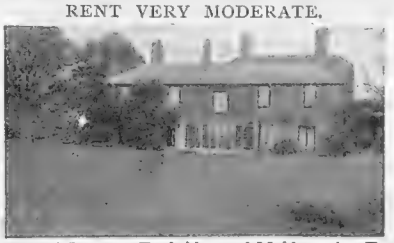

KENT (between Tonbridge and Maidstone).—To be LET, from January, the above well-Furnished and very attractive VICARAGE, commanding very pleasant views: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception; beautifully timbered grounds; gas; certified drainage; Co's water: hunting, fishing.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 5,043)

SURREY.—To be SOLD, the above substantially built RESIDENCE, in 3 acres of ground on the finest position at Hook Heath, commanding extensive views, only a few minutes from the golf club house: large vestibule, sitting hall, dining room (20ft. by 21ft.), billiard room (29ft. by 20ft.), drawing room (25ft. 9in. by 15ft.), servants' hall, 8 principal bedrooms, 1 dressing room, 2 baths, 3 large servants' bedrooms, garage, etc.: nicely laid-out grounds, full-size tennis and croquet lawns, greenhouse, summerhouse, walled fruit and kitchen gardens, and Dutch garden.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

RENT ONLY 5 GUINEAS PER WEEK.

SOUTH DEVON COAST (1 mile from sea; MILD and SUNNY CLIMATE).—This attractive RESIDENCE to LET until May next: 12 good bed, bath, 4 or 5 sitting rooms, servants' hall; stabling 6; very pretty grounds 11 acres; sea and river fishing; hunting; golf near.—All particulars of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 5,134)

TO BE SOLD, an extremely attractive RESIDENCE, delightfully situated amongst some of the most beautiful scenery in the South-West of England. It stands in well-timbered grounds of 8 to 10 acres and extensive parklands, etc.; in all 230 acres. The accommodation comprises: large hall and vestibule, 3 reception rooms, about 17 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; good fishing included, and salmon fishing within easy reach; farmery and cottages, etc. The house and grounds of 10 acres would be Sold separately.—Box K 4,886, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

IN THE CENTRE OF THE BICESTER HUNT.

TO BE SOLD, OR LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE occupying a pleasant position on gravel soil with South aspect, in pretty grounds of some 3½ acres. Accommodation: lounge hall, billiard, 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and well-arranged domestic offices; stabling for 2, coach-house, etc.; modern drainage. Near golf. Shooting could be rented.—Box K 4,870, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

OCCUPYING A HIGH POSITION WITH EXTENSIVE WOODLAND AND SEA VIEWS.

RENT, UNFURNISHED, £130 PER ANN.

1½ HOURS OF LONDON (1 mile of a station).—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, an attractive OLD MANOR HOUSE, standing in delightful old grounds. Accommodation: 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, and ample domestic offices; stabling for 3, coach-house, etc.; several cottages could be rented; old-world gardens, tennis and croquet lawns, and excellent kitchen garden. Hunting and shooting in the neighbourhood. £500 has recently been spent on the Property.—Box K 4,441, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

MENTONE (occupying one of the best and most sheltered positions in the South of France, 200ft. above the sea, facing South).—To be LET, Furnished, for the season, or would be SOLD, a charming VILLA, standing in beautiful grounds containing masses of lemon and orange trees and roses in profusion. It commands fine views of the Mediterranean and Cap Martin, and is not overlooked. Accommodation: 4 reception, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc. Plate and linen left.—Box K 4,880, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

AN ANCIENT MANOR HOUSE, DATED 1648.—TO BE SOLD WITH ABOUT 21 ACRES. It occupies a beautiful situation, conveniently near a well-known BERKSHIRE MARKET TOWN, and stands high up, with views extending to about 20 to 30 miles. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, 5 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, and ample offices. The hall is panelled, and there are many interesting features, including recessed fireplace and inglenook in the dining room; the stabling comprises 2 stalls, 2 loose boxes, coach-house, etc.; the pleasure grounds contain some magnificent old timber, and include tennis and croquet lawns, flower gardens and shrubbery, fruit and vegetable gardens and parkland, in all about 21 acres; 2 cottages and farmery, etc.—Box K 4,698, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

BUCKS (25 minutes from Town).—To be SOLD, Freehold, an artistic and comfortable RESIDENCE. It stands on gravel soil, in secluded grounds, with tennis lawn, fruit and vegetable gardens, etc.: 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light. Price, £3,500.—Box K 4,761, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

AN ANCIENT SURREY HOUSE. 400FT. ABOVE SEA, ON SAND SOIL.

THE HOUSE stands in park and grounds of 36 acres, and contains some fine panelling. The accommodation comprises: oak-panelled hall and dining room, 3 other reception rooms, opening to

THE BROAD PAVED TERRACE AND LOGGIA

and covered verandah; there are 15 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.; stabling and garage; delightful old grounds, with tennis lawn and Italian garden, etc.; golf near; Company's water.—Box K 4,694, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

MANOR HOUSE AND 4½ ACRES.

£1,500, FREEHOLD.—To be SOLD, a charming old MANOR HOUSE, 1 mile from Mildenhall Station and 12 miles from Bury St. Edmunds. It is covered with creepers, and contains: a quaint old lounge hall with handsomely carved mantel and beautifully panelled ceiling, dining room, drawing room and conservatory, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), etc.; modern drainage; stabling, coach-house, and coachman's cottage; picturesque old grounds with flower garden, croquet lawn, rose garden, kitchen garden, and meadow, in all 4½ acres; golf close.—Box K 1,000, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SURREY HILLS (400ft. above the sea, 10 minutes from station, and only 30 minutes of London).

NEAR EXCELLENT 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE. To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a picked position, with beautiful views over the surrounding country. Accommodation: 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light; Company's water; beautiful grounds of about 3 acres; racquet court lighted by electricity and heated.—Box K 4,627, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

12 MILES FROM LONDON (near excellent golf course). — To be SOLD, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, occupying an entirely secluded position in matured grounds of nearly 5 ACRES. It contains: 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light; main drainage; Company's water; stabling for 2; beautiful gardens, tennis court, vinery, forcing-house, and meadowland. Very moderate price.—Full particulars of Box K 3,938, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

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A CHARMINGLY FURNISHED RESIDENCE, —7 bed, 4 reception, bath; stabling 2, coach-house; very pretty grounds, tennis lawn; well-stocked kitchen garden, etc., 3 acres; near 3 golf links; London in 35 minutes. Extremely low Rent. —Box H 3,903, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

HANTS (borders of New Forest, few miles from Salisbury). — This charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with every modern convenience, to LET FOR 1 YEAR AT £220: 12 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling; kennels and outbuildings; pretty old-walled gardens, tennis lawn, etc.—Box H 5,038, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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BEAUTIFUL SUSSEX HOUSE, FULL OF OLD OAK BEAMS and PANELLING.

3½ miles from Horsham and 2 miles from a station.

£173 15s. **UNFURNISHED,** or would be SOLD for £4,000, singularly attractive PROPERTY in perfect order. The picturesque House has South aspect, stands right back from the road, and contains: hall, 3 good reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; *good drainage; acetylene gas; good water supply; heating; telephone;* stabling for 4; farmery, cottage; charming old-world gardens, lawns, orchard, and paddocks of 13½ acres.—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., who strongly recommend from a personal inspection.

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RENOWNED RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE OF GREAT HISTORIC INTEREST.
NOBLE MANSION DATING FROM THE REIGN OF HENRY VII.
3,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING.
CENTRE OF A FAVOURITE HUNT.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR TWO YEARS.—This quite unique ESTATE, situated in the best part of the West of England, 3 hours from town: 20 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 oak-panelled reception rooms, complete offices; stabling, garage, farmery, cottages; *grand old gardens.*—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil. *Personally inspected.*

300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. FACING SOUTH. ENJOYING FINE VIEWS.

1 mile from one of the prettiest reaches of the Thames.

BUCKS (1 hour from London).—For SALE, at a low price, or would be LET, Furnished,
A BEAUTIFUL OLD TUDOR HOUSE IN A LOVELY OLD-WORLD GARDEN.

Entrance hall, billiard room, 5 reception rooms, excellent offices, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 3; garage; farmery, lodge; charming gardens, tennis, croquet, and badminton lawns, bowling green, herbaceous borders, walled gardens, and finely timbered park of 200 acres. Would be Sold with 28 acres. Gravel soil.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience,* gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

TO BE SOLD OWING TO EXCEPTIONAL CIRCUMSTANCES.
RESTORED BY A DISTINGUISHED R.A.

£1,300 **WILL PURCHASE** the above fine example of the Early English RESIDENCE and GROUNDS of about 4½ acres. The House is built of oak studs with brick nogging, and the roof is partly thatched and partly tiled. It contains a panelled hall 18 ft. square with open timber roof and king-post, and the two brackets which support the main beam are decorated with early carvings, whilst the fireplace is of early Gothic. There are 3 sitting rooms of similar character and 5 bedrooms, all commanding beautiful views. The House is undoubtedly of exceptional interest and beauty, all the additions and restorations having been carried out with true antiquarian accuracy. The House stands in a pretty village, is a few minutes' walk from Church, and about 2 miles from a station on the main line of the G.E.R. (and 2½ hours from London). Convenient for well-known seaside golf links; gravel soil; the garden is at present not finished, but a large number of trees have been planted, and it offers splendid possibilities, being of beautiful loam soil. The owner would be pleased to give his advice and assistance in completing it.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

INTERESTING OLD FARMHOUSE, CAPABLE OF RESTORATION.
FULL OF OLD OAK BEAMS.

£1,000, **FREEHOLD** (2 miles from Westerham, 2½ miles from Edenbridge, about 45 minutes from Town).—In a *beautiful situation 400ft. above sea level,* in one of the most favourite parts of the country. With a moderate outlay the place could be converted into a charming gentleman's Residence, and the following accommodation afforded: 7 or 8 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception and billiard room, good domestic offices; delightful gardens of about an acre, with fine old box hedges. More land could probably be had.—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

DORSET, ¼ mile from station, 3 miles from Blandford.

TO BE LET OR SOLD, a delightful RESIDENCE, standing in its well-wooded grounds which adjoin the River Stour, and approached by a carriage drive, 100yds. in length, with lodge entrance. The accommodation comprises: hall, drawing room (29ft. by 14ft.), dining room, morning room (24ft. by 18ft.), sitting room (14ft. 9in. by 11ft.), 16 bed and dressing rooms, capital domestic offices, servants' hall, housekeeper's room, butler's pantry, etc.; gravel subsoil, good water supply from well; the sanitary arrangements are believed to be perfect. THE STABLING comprises: 2 loose boxes, 4 stalls, if desired 3 additional loose boxes can also be had; large MOTOR-HOUSE (24ft. by 18ft.). THE WELL-WOODED GROUNDS form a most attractive feature. Tennis and croquet lawns (full sized), which ADJOIN THE RIVER STOUR, walled-in kitchen garden, etc., total extent about 6 acres. 2 COTTAGES. EXCELLENT SHOOTING can be obtained in the neighbourhood. Owner would Let his Manorial right of FISHING with the HOUSE. HUNTING with South Dorset, Lord Portman's, and Blackmore Vale. Price for the Freehold, £4,000. RENT, UNFURNISHED, £200 p.a.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

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TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN, AND OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES of interest for SALE or for LETTING. Furnished or Unfurnished. Owners and Applicants *can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.*

BY DIRECTION OF MISS ETHEL IRVING,

who is desirous of letting, Furnished, for 6, 9, or 12 months, during her forthcoming Australian tour.

"SIDBURY LODGE," EDGWARE.—A charming old-fashioned HOUSE, in perfect order throughout and beautifully Furnished, in a delightfully rural position, *overlooking the Canons Park Golf Links,* and most convenient for London, being only

9 MILES FROM MARBLE ARCH,

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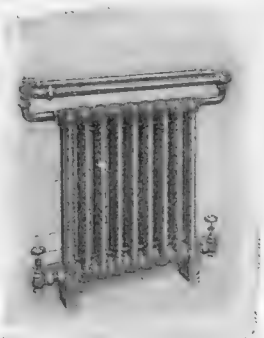

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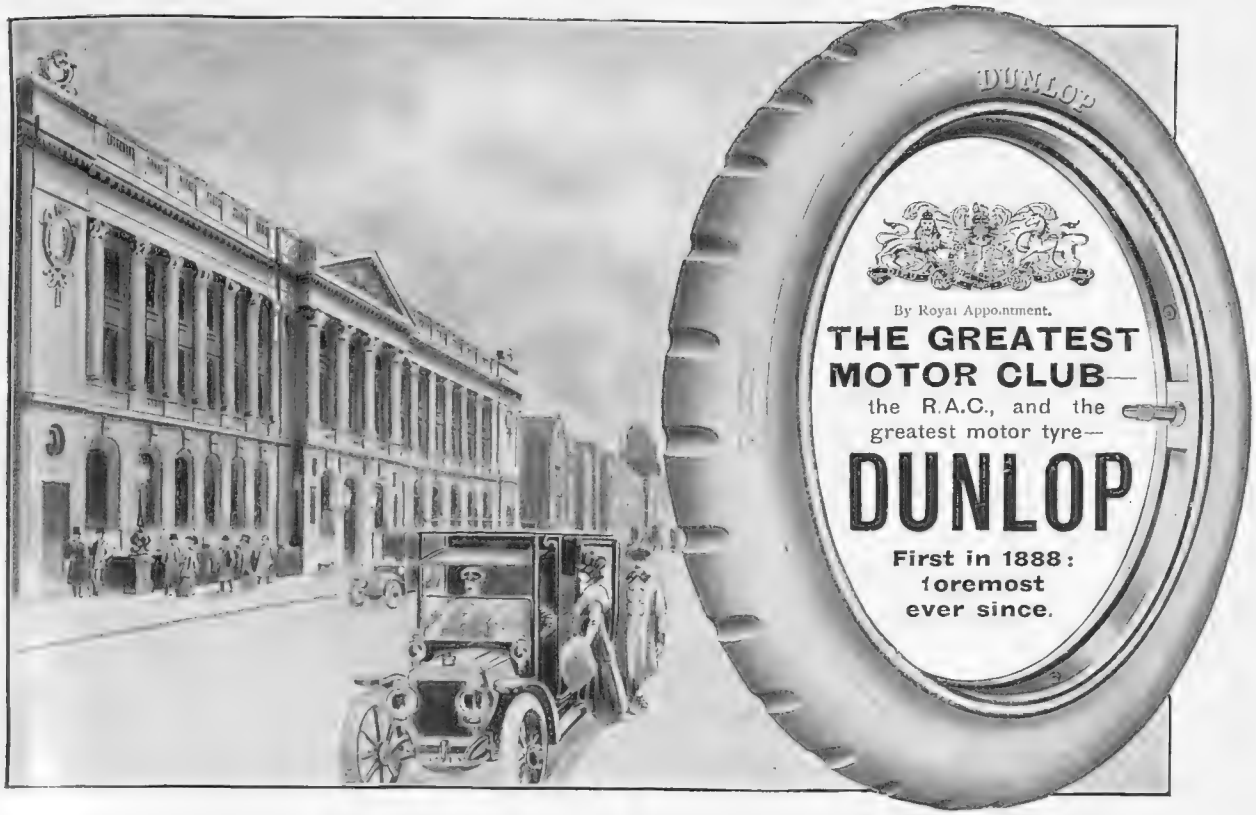

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TELEGRAM—LDN., MERAN, 785, 38, 14/10/90, 10/5.—M.

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Richly Embroidered Squares, Centres, &c., in Silks and Metals.

Fine Marie Antoinette Squares and Cushion Cases.

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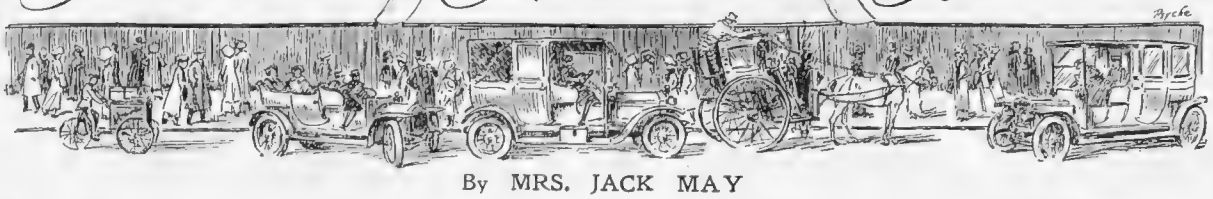

By MRS. JACK MAY

EXIT Christmas presents, enter the sales. Taking one consideration with another, a shopkeeper's life is anything but an idle one. After the short Christmas respite, the whole of the shopping world will be on the *qui-vive* when these words appear in print over the dispersal of their surplus stock. One surmises it must be a distracting operation to those in authority who have to face directors and board meetings, with figures always on the up-grade. However, they have reason enough in the two disastrously bad seasons we have just passed through to account for the exceptional magnitude of the overplus, which must be cleared away at any sacrifice to make room for the spring goods of this Coronation year of grace 1911. And after striking this optimistic note I will proceed to recount some of the bargains that have come under my immediate attention.

At Kenneth Durward's, Ulster House, Conduit St., the sale is already in full swing, but there are plenty of bargains still left in costumes at a good third the original price; in fact, there are just a few at 2 gns., an absurd sum, of course, for a Kenneth Durward production. It is not, however, in models only that bargains abide here during the month of January. The rule obtains that all orders taken during the sale *régime* are placed at appreciably reduced rates. To use up the remnants of the exclusive tweeds and friezes Messrs. Kenneth Durward make up their own particular high-class golfing and walking skirts at 1½ gns., and just precisely what this offer implies, perhaps only those who have already profited by it are really able to judge. And that all their clients may achieve their desires during a January visit the firm usually advance a fresh model for the coming season, represented in the present instance by the "Aintree" tweed coat, admirably portrayed by Mrs. Dorothy Millar.

The "Aintree" Tweed Coat

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar at Kenneth Durward's, Ulster House, Conduit Street)

Our artist has a *flare* for these country things, and is obviously deeply impressed by the smart, sporting virtues of the "Aintree." The tweed is of a warm earth-brown, interwoven with a double dull red stripe, and the fashion of the coat is told in the sketch. In lieu of the now ubiquitous Raglan sleeve, the armhole is cut to an extensive depth, which really allows the same adequate amount of freedom, patch pockets of a practical size, and double-breasted fronts completing a real treasure of a coat suitable to sporting purposes of every description.

Messrs. John Barker, Kensington

If ever there was a moment in which remnants could be purchased with impunity it is now. Therefore, please read, mark, and learn very carefully that the dates for the clearing off of remnants half price at Messrs. J. Barker's are respectively the 10th, 17th, 24th, and 31st inst., all the Tuesdays after the first one. That fact assimilated, we may pass on to a brief survey of the made-up goods. Positively incredible value is represented in a tailored costume of cheviot serge, in all colours, navy and black,

the coat handsomely trimmed with three wide bands of black braid and a *moire* collar and froggings that will be going at 35*s.* And this is a typical example of the particular sort of bargain obtaining in the costume department, where, too, there are evening frocks ranging from 52*s.* 6*d.* upwards. And all the models are marked down below cost price.

Although where all is so good it may seem invidious to particularise, yet a very special word is due to the extraordinary offerings in fur and fur-lined coats. Thrown in with their own surplus goods are two manufacturers' stocks purchased for cash down at less than half price. It is impossible to detail these peltry persuasions, as there are scarcely two alike, but the value is consistently good throughout.

With a reputation that comes second to none for blouses, John Barker's overhauling of this section is peculiarly drastic. The living up to a name certainly has its obligations, which in this instance means a clearance of a line of *chic* little nun's veiling and delaine slips at 5*s.* and a series of silk shirts at 9*s.* 11*d.* There are some six different styles to choose from in the latter, as also in a range of *crêpe de Chine* blouses, the very daintiest, prettiest, fancies at 11*s.* 9*d.*

Nor must the piece silk department be overlooked, crowds of covetable offerings being placed at prices amenable to the merely average-sized purse. As, for example, a double width *ninon de soie* at 1*s.* 11½*d.*, satin supreme 3*s.* 11*d.*, in ivory only, and an all-silk cashmere *de soie* 2*s.* 11½*d.*; while all trimmings, ribbons, *garnitures*, belts—in fact, the whole *gamut* representing the little things of dress are by no means accounted the least of the many attractions at a sale held by John Barker.

The "Nelson" Settee, with Loose Down Cushion Seat, stuffed all Hair, and covered in Taffeta. Priced at 11 gns. at John Barker's, Ltd., Kensington

There is no more comfortable settee made than the "Nelson," and only best materials are used. Barker's upholstery is all made on the premises under most sanitary conditions. They will send their special catalogue, with particulars of over ninety different shapes in settees and easy chairs, to all applicants

Paquin, Dover Street

The notoriously exclusive character of Paquin's models, which twice yearly are cleared out at largely reduced prices, call for small comment at this hour. Although of a necessarily limited order, it were useless to attempt to enumerate them, as there are naturally not two alike. The sale commenced on Monday. The present clearance includes several exquisite evening toilettes and *manteaux*, the embroideries with which many are enriched being scarcely covered by the reduced prices asked. Then there are the smartest of smart afternoon gowns, the vogues of to-morrow rather than to-day, tailor-mades, blouses, and millinery, and just a few furs—made-up models that this autocratic establishment have used and no longer account of any service to themselves. Although this practically holds true of the whole *galère*, intrinsically the models are as valuable as ever, but they have served their end, and their doom is cast.

Hanan-Gingell, 328-332, Oxford Street

Steady and substantial reductions provide food for much interested reflection at the sale that commenced here last Monday, and which is to continue throughout the month. This great American shoe store since its opening, some few years ago, has rapidly sprung to the fore, the high-class footgear supplied by the firm eloquently testifying to the skilled character of the shoe craftsmen employed in the construction of every pair of boots or shoes sold at the above address.

Owing to the continuous demand made upon the reliable stock, it usually moves with such rapidity as to preclude any very great reductions at sale times, but at this particular event several notable lines are to be cleared off considerably under the ordinary prices in order to provide ample accommodation for the fresh spring wares that will shortly find their way across the Atlantic. A great number of tan boots and shoes have been left on hand in consequence of the national mourning. The Hanan-Gingell people are prepared to part with these at enormous reductions, such as 14*s.* 9*d.* in lieu of 21*s.* for a perfect-fitting brown glacé kid walking shoe or a tan Russian calf Blucher, a capital shoe for country wear, and many other admirable models offered at the same price and reduction.

A line of winter walking boots, originally costing 24*s.* the pair, are to go at 21*s.* 9*d.*, and there is, too, a remarkable bargain to be picked up for 13*s.* 9*d.* in a patent leather Blucher-cut lace boot, with kid top and particularly smart toes.

Space forbids further detail, but a profusely illustrated catalogue can be had for the asking, and it is impossible to lay too much stress on the splendid quality and style of the goods portrayed therein.

The White House

There is no lingerie house in the West End of London that has come to the front more rapidly than The White House, of 51, New Bond Street. The beauty and delicacy of their French lingerie is appreciated by all women who desire to have the best, and who only wish to pay a moderate price. They have also earned the enviable reputation for the wonderful value of their fine linen handkerchiefs, of which one of their special and cheapest lines is sold at 7*s.* 6*d.* per dozen (sale price), which includes a two-letter monogram. They have in stock handkerchiefs with every possible combination of monograms.

But the recent "coup" of the White House was the capture of the entire stock of Messrs. Femina, Ltd., which they are offering during the sale at prices showing a reduction of from 60 to 85 per cent. This provides a rare opportunity for the bargain hunter to secure the finest linen goods at genuine "ground-floor" prices. There is good reason to pay an early visit to the White House, as otherwise all the most beautiful bargains will be snapped up.

SYKES-JOSEPHINE'S

"haute nouveauté" corsets are ideal, being built on anatomical principles an elegant and graceful contour is created. Mesdames are specialists for Fashionable, Surgical, Gestation, Restoring, Obesity, and Hunting Corsets. Only address,

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SUNNY SURREY.

ST. STEPHEN'S, SURBITON HILL, SURREY. 100ft. above sea, gravel soil, large, airy house-nice garden, medical superintendent and capable staff. A few PATIENTS RECEIVED for Rest Cure, Weir-Mitchell and other treatments, Boating and other amusements. Highest references. Terms moderate.—Apply Matron. (1,277)

FATE THE STARS TELL YOU.

4,000 TESTIMONIALS.

I will send a **Test Horoscope** comprising seven pages and cover on receipt of 1/- P.O. and 1d. stamp for postage. Simply give date, month and year of birth—time if known. Mr. Newton Verity (B.E.), 4, Duke St., Adelphi, London, W.C.

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Observer.

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BARGAINS IN BED LINEN include odd lot Sheets, and the reasonable prices quoted for Sheets, Pillow Cases and Towels, are such as seldom offered.

Linen Sheets (hemmed for use), 2 by 3 yards, 12/11; 2½ by 3 yards, 15/6 pair.

Hemstitched Linen Sheets, 2½ by 3 yards, 20/9 pair; 2½ by 3½ yards, 23/6; 3 by 3½ yards, 30/- pair.

Linen Pillow Cases, 17 by 28 inches, 1/8; 20 by 30 ,, 2/3 pair

Linen Towels, heavy huckaback, usually 15/6; offered at 12/6 doz.

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Ladies who wish to obtain blouses and veilings of exclusive patterns, should visit Madame Sanger's showrooms at 36, Sloane Street, Knightsbridge, where they will find an unequalled stock of these articles at prices which are no more than those charged at the "popular" drapers. Madame Sanger's stock of veilings is the largest in London.

M. SANGER, 36, Sloane St.
LONDON, S.W.

Hardy Plants with Ornamental Fruits

The most useful plants in the garden in winter are those with ornamental fruits. Besides the mistletoe and the holly there are the strawberry-tree, aucuba, bird-cherry, bladder senna, fire-thorn, berberises of sorts, several members of the rose family, mountain ash, and snowberry. The last is often grown in coverts to supply food for pheasants, but the glistening white berries are so handsome that it deserves a place in the garden. It should not, however, be allowed to run wild, as is generally done, but should be treated in one or other of two ways—either confined to a single stem and trained as a standard, the suckers being taken off, or else cut down to the ground every spring. In the latter case it forms a dense carpet with pink flowers in summer and with white berries in winter. The presence of mistletoe in a garden is generally accidental, yet in view of the demand for it at Christmas it should be worth cultivating. It may be propagated by grafting or by seeds rubbed on to a bough, the sticky juice causing them to adhere, but its development is so slow, especially from seed, that years may be saved by buying trees on which it is already growing. The mountain ash is too well known to need any recommendation, but the difficulty with it, as with many other plants of the same kind, is to prevent birds from eating the berries. Here the bladder senna (Colutea arborescens) has the advantage. For it owes its attractiveness to the curious inflated bladders which contain the fruits, and they remain on during the greater part of the winter. In this connection the euonymus should not be forgotten, the beautiful pink capsules not falling until long after the orange seeds have been scattered.

Wet Weather and Its Effects

The heavy rains have thoroughly saturated the ground, and where the drainage is defective plants liable to be injured by damp are sure to suffer unless they have been sheltered in some way. On lawns and paths moss has spread rapidly. As regards the latter, some gardeners, having less pressure of work at this season, are fond of turning the gravel, with the almost certain result that months must elapse before it is hard and smooth again. In some parts of the grounds, in large shrubberies, and in the wild garden, mossy paths are an additional charm, and should not be interfered with. But in the more formal garden, near the house, they are out of place, and if an appearance of neglect is to be avoided clean gravel is essential. The simplest and in the end the cheapest way of removing the moss is to apply a weed-killer, at this season preferably one with caustic properties, such as carbolic acid. It should be effective for twelve months; but if the drainage is imperfect the moss is sure to reappear sooner or later. For a lawn a weak solution of sulphate of iron will be found useful; but here, too, something should be done to improve the drainage. That is the most important point. If it is put right other measures will be rendered unnecessary.

H. C. Davidson.

The Menu: SOME ORANGE RECIPES

Home-made Orange Marmalade
Seville Orange Paste
Seville Orange Jelly
Orange Brandy
Orange Gin

Orange Marmalade

Slice thinly twelve Seville oranges and two lemons and remove the pips. To every pound of pulp allow three pints of cold water. Let it stand for twenty-four hours, then boil till the chips are tender and clear. Leave it till next day. To every pound of boiled fruit allow a pound and a quarter of lump sugar. Boil, stirring constantly, till the syrup jellies and the chips are quite clear. The great point in making home-made marmalade is to be careful to slice the fruit very thinly.

Seville Orange Paste

Wipe and pare in the thinnest possible strips some Seville orange-rinds, and throw them into plenty of boiling water. When they are quite tender, put them on to a sieve to drain; press the water from them a little, and before they are quite cold pound them to the smoothest paste and blend thoroughly with them as much castor sugar as can possibly be mixed with them. Roll the mass out extremely thin, and with a very small tin-cutter form it into cakes or leaves, or any other shapes, and then dry them in a very gentle oven. Store in close-fitting tins as soon as cold. A little prepared ginger may be added in the pounding when it is liked.

Seville Orange Jelly

To each pint of juice allow 1lb. of loaf sugar. To every fifty oranges allow the juice of three lemons and peel of one. Wash the oranges, grate off the outer rind, cut them in halves, and after squeezing out the juice weigh them and put them into a stewpan with water in the proportion of one quart to every pound of oranges. Boil them gently for half an hour, or till the water is reduced to rather less than half; then strain through muslin. Add the juice from the oranges and lemons, and run all through a fine cloth. Measure the juice, and to each pint allow 1lb. of sugar. Boil well till it jellies. Keep it well stirred and skimmed. Pour into small jars, and cover with paper.

Orange Brandy

This is a popular liqueur, and easily made. Peel thinly three Seville oranges, and put the peel in a wine bottle with the juice of two of the oranges and the juice of one lemon; make a syrup of 4oz. of sugar-candy, dissolved in a gill of water, add this to the peel and juice in the wine-bottle. Let the syrup get quite cold, fill up with brandy, cork tightly, and leave for a month or six weeks; then strain into a clean bottle, add more sugar-candy if necessary; cork and seal, storing a year before use.

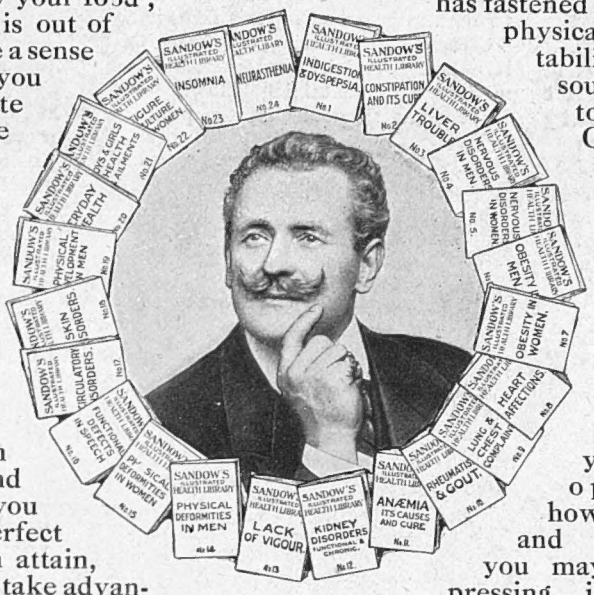
Orange Gin

This is also excellent, and I recommend my readers to make a brew of it whilst the Seville oranges are in perfection. Into half a gallon of the strongest gin put the thin rinds of nine Seville oranges and ¾lb. of finely powdered sugar-candy. Let the gin remain on the peel and candy in a stone jar for a month (the jar must be shaken up occasionally), then drain it off and bottle for use. This may be drunk at once, but is improved by keeping on the peel for one year. This is a very simple way of making this liqueur.

Emilia.

HOW ARE YOU?

IF you are feeling "run down" and generally out of sorts; if upon waking in the morning you have still that tired feeling which makes you look upon the hours ahead with dread; if your Digestion is not what it might be, and you cannot enjoy your food; if your Nervous system is out of order and you experience a sense of general irritability; if you are unable to concentrate your thoughts, and are worried by unimportant trifles, which assume, however, terrific proportions; if you suffer from sleeplessness, and the hours of darkness are torture to your overwrought brain; if your flesh is increasing with consequent physical and mental discomforts—for obesity is a disease which often affects both body and mind—it is clear that you are not in the state of perfect health to which you can attain, and you should certainly take advantage of this arrangement to secure a consultation with a view to finding out whether or not your condition is one suitable for treatment by the Natural Cure for such illness as you suffer.



If you are afflicted with Liver Troubles which cause unnecessarily continued pain and suffering; if your Kidneys are not performing thoroughly and efficiently the duties they are intended for; if Rheumatism or Gout has fastened itself upon you, inflicting physical pain and nervous irritability; if your Heart is a source of alarm and trouble to you; if your Lungs and Chest are the seat of some complaint; if the ... of your Blood and ... dition of your skin a... such as to cause internal disorder or surface disfigurement, it is quite evident you cannot reply that you are well, and that you should therefore avail yourself of the present opportunity to learn how, by a simple, gentle and inexpensive method, you may rid yourself of depressing illness, and regain a full measure of robust, vigorous health.

Advice will cost you nothing, nor place you under any obligation to subsequently take treatment.

MR. EUGEN SANDOW OFFERS

an opportunity to all sufferers of A FREE INVESTIGATION of his Method of curing Illness without Medicine by which

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE

in all parts of the world during recent years

HAVE OBTAINED PERFECT HEALTH

Sufferers are invited to call at the Institute for a consultation, but to enable those who cannot pay a personal visit, whether resident in the country, in the Colonies, or abroad, to participate in this offer, Mr. Sandow has specially prepared the Illustrated Health Library of 24 small volumes detailed below, which show exactly how and why Curative Physical Culture, which method is now generally regarded as the most valuable adjunct of medical science, may be expected to give relief and bring about a cure of the illnesses and conditions mentioned in the following Booklets:—

VOL.
1. **Indigestion and Dyspepsia**
2. **Constipation and its Cure**
3. **Liver Troubles**
4. **Nervous Disorders in Men**
5. **Nervous Disorders in Women**
6. **Obesity in Men**
7. **Obesity in Women**
8. **Heart Affections**

VOL.
9. **Lung and Chest Complaints**
10. **Rheumatism and Gout**
11. **Anæmia: Its Cause and Cure**
12. **Kidney Disorders: Functional and Chronic**
13. **Lack of Vigour**
14. **Physical Deformities in Men**
15. **Physical Deformities in Women**
16. **Functional Defects in Speech**

VOL.
17. **Circulatory Disorders**
18. **Skin Disorders**
19. **Physical Development for Men**
20. **Everyday Health**
21. **Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments**
22. **Figure Culture for Women**
23. **Insomnia**
24. **Neurasthenia**

Choose the small volume dealing with the trouble on which advice is required, and write for it, utilising the form below, to Mr. Eugen Sandow, 32, St. James' St., London, S.W., giving full particulars, which will be treated in confidence, and will enable an opinion to be formed on the case. You will receive a copy, together with a personal letter as to the suitability of your trouble for treatment by his method, as nearly by return of post as possible.

"THE BYSTANDER'S" Special Form for obtaining Advice and Literature concerning the Sandow Treatment.

Arrangements have been made by which the cases of "THE BYSTANDER" readers who fill in this coupon will be studied, and a personal letter giving an opinion upon the suitability of their cases for treatment by scientific exercises will be sent. At the same time will be forwarded also, without charge, a copy of the booklet selected by the inquirer from the Health Library detailed above.

To EUGEN SANDOW, 32, St. James' Street, London.

Please send me a copy of Vol. _____ together with your opinion as to whether mine is a case for a treatment by scientific exercise.

Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, or other title } NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

Essential particulars are: Age _____ Occupation _____

Ailment or physical defect from which relief is desired _____

Those who make use of this form are invited to give further particulars in an accompanying letter.

The Editor's Box

"Hazell's Annual"

"Hazell's Annual" makes its appearance this year three weeks later than usual, but the delay is amply justified by the inclusion of a biographical list of the members of the New House of Commons, details of the pollings, comparative tables showing the changes in representation, and summaries of the most important of the pronouncements made by the party leaders in the course of the election. The political section of the "Annual" is, indeed, an exceptionally valuable one. The origin and progress of the Constitutional crisis are impartially outlined, the text of the Parliament Bill is given, and there are articles on the Referendum, the Osborne Judgment, Home Rule, Woman Suffrage, and all the other questions of the hour. "Hazell's Annual for 1911" is not only a work of reference indispensable to the writer or the politician; it is a mine of lively interest which no intelligent person, whatever his bent may be, will ransack without profit.

The Indispensable Shampoo

A shampoo is an excellent remedy for mental sluggishness, and it beautifies the hair in the most wonderful way. "Cremex" powders are scientifically prepared, and they bring a delightful sense of ease and comfort to the head. A few minutes is all that is required if the right method is adopted. The "Cremex" powders, prepared by the Edwards' Harlene Company, and on sale at all chemists' and stores, are in boxes marked at 1s. each, each box containing six powders. A novelty for the toilet table, also prepared by this firm, is a "Cremex" shampooing vessel, which has been specially constructed for mixing and containing the liquid. Its curious shape ensures a perfect grip, even should the hands become wet, while the bent and narrow neck so regulates the flow of the liquid that just the right quantity is poured out. This vessel in clear blue glass is obtainable at all chemists' and stores. Its price is 1s.

The Luxury of a Shampoo at Home

"Crem x" powder and shampooing vessel, supplied by the Edwards' Harlene Company

Thermos, Ltd.

Thermos, Ltd., have succeeded in their application to the Comptroller of Patents, who has granted to them an amendment of their patent, thus establishing their patent rights in spite of vigorous opposition.

"Sinbad" at the Shakespeare Theatre

On Boxing Day Mr. Dudley Bennett presented his fifteenth Christmas pantomime, produced under the direction of Mr. Brydon Phillips, Mr. Hickory Wood being the author of the book. Sinbad is personated by Miss Jessie Preston, who plays with unflagging sprightliness and dash. She is ably supported by Mr. Jack Lennol as the widow Sinbad. Messrs. Walton and Lester (the world's worst wizards) make a humorous bosun and mate of the "Merry Matilda." Miss Lily Kendal as Crystal is a most melodious little fairy, from whom it is a pity the audience have the privilege of hearing only one song. The whole concludes with a brisk harlequinade.

Zenobia Laboratories

The Zenobia Laboratories inform me they will send a bijou sample box, containing perfume, soap, and sachet, for 3d. stamps to all readers. The boxes are very dainty, and owing to the expensiveness of the get-up it is not possible for the manufacturers to send them out free. The stamps cover the cost of packing and postage.

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